Why Millionaires Can't Stop Making Money

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How Our Early Presidents Entered Office

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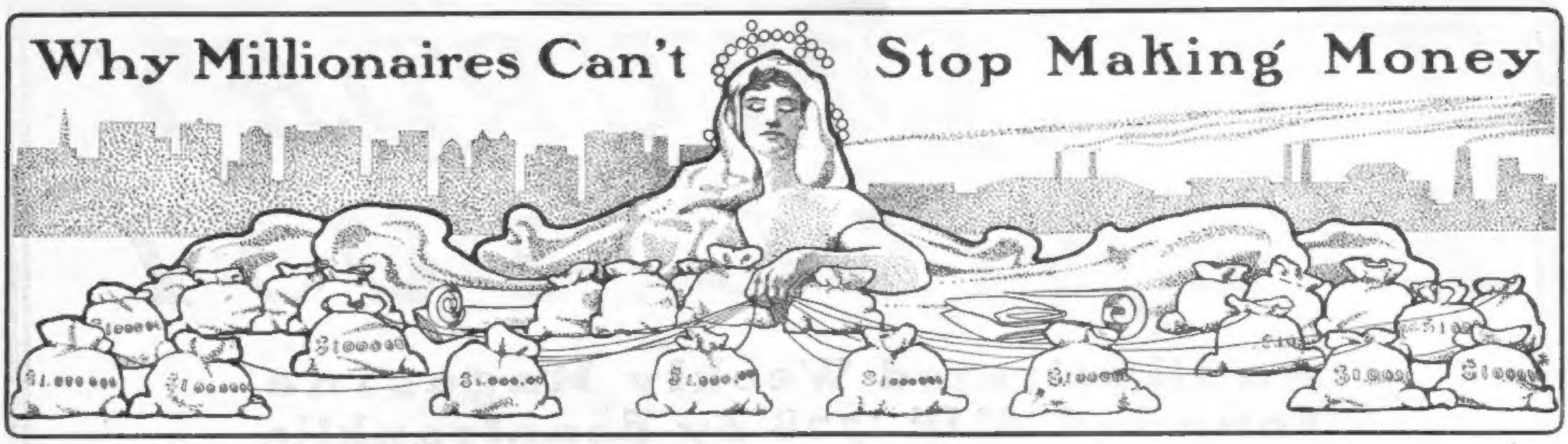

The Fascination of the Game of Business

By Michael Cudahy

A MAN who has made his million and reached the age of fifty or sixty years should be willing to quit the game of money-making and give others a chance. In the old countries it is the usual thing for a man who has made a fortune to retire at the age of fifty; but this rule doesn't fit American conditions and American temperament. We are not built that way over here.

Twenty years ago I told Mrs. Cudahy that when I should be worth half a million dollars I should retire. She laughed at me and said:

"No, you will be just getting a good start then. That will be only the beginning. You'll never retire from business while you are able to do business."

She knew me better than I knew myself! My good resolution to retire and take things easy didn't amount to much. Few men at fifty have sons of an age to step into their shoes and take command of affairs without putting the business in jeopardy. When a man retires under such circumstances his family generally retires, too. This condition holds many a millionaire in active business long after he is willing to turn his affairs over to competent hands and stop adding to his fortune.

It is my conviction that a man who has made a fortune of a million or more dollars and has reached the age of sixty years should put off the harness and give his thought to the best way to spend his income instead of adding more to his capital. No man, however, who has begun with little or nothing and developed a great enterprise of any kind can deliberately leave it under circumstances which force him to face the probability that it will go to pieces, or even be greatly weakened, because he has not stood by and steered it clear of the rocks. Pride, instinct, long association, and a dozen other powerful influences common to men make him rebel at a probability of this kind, and it is exactly this probability that nearly every millionaire must face when he thinks of withdrawing from his business and of thereby removing the main element in its success—his own personality and the confidence of the business public in those qualities which have made him a financial power.

To quit a business with which he has been associated for years, which is intimately associated with his name, and which he hopes will be linked with the name of his family for generations, is not an easy thing for any man with strength of character enough to build up a great enterprise or to make a million dollars. Then, if he believes that the business is bound to suffer for his leaving it—he feels like a deserter! It is somewhat as if he were deserting a close and faithful friend.

Sometimes the retirement of a man worth several millions of dollars would really amount to deserting not one but many friends, including business associates and employees who would feel the shrinkage and disturbance resulting from the withdrawal of the main prop. He owes it to these men and to the business community in general to stay with the ship until every possible precaution and safeguard has been taken to protect the interests of all those who are associated with him, from the lowest wage-earner in his employ to the partner or fellow-official in the corporation.

Mr. Michael Cudahy

Speaking for myself, I must confess that I expect to disprove the prophecy that I shall be found sticking to business as long as I am able to do business. Carefully and deliberately I am shaping my business so that it will pass into the control of other hands with as little jar and disturbance as may be. I am fortunate in having a younger brother, forty-one years of age, who is capable of carrying forward the business along the lines on which it has been established and developed. Not all men are so advantageously situated, and some must therefore stay longer at the task.

This, however, is not an argument that all men who stick to the game of money-getting after they have passed the million-point and have more wealth than they have any legitimate use for are held to their tasks by motives of philanthropy. In the most pronounced cases the men of millions still keep their hands in affairs simply because they're built that way. They can't keep out of business any more than a frog can keep out of a pond. Playing the game of commerce, of finance, of affairs, is not only the instinct of their natures and the habit of their daily lives, but it is also the greatest pleasure and recreation they know anything about.

Love of exercising power is another thing which keeps men in places of authority long after they might otherwise retire. Often it seems as if the failure of a man's mental and physical faculties only makes him the more loth to put down the sceptre, and increases his desire to exercise power. Placing new talent in positions of responsibility often does more to benefit a great industry than would be accomplished were its head and founder to remain in charge after having passed the period of greatest activity.

Some very wealthy men, no doubt, are held in the harness through the fear or superstition that when an active man, used to dealing with big affairs, lays aside his cares and the habits of a lifetime he goes to pieces suddenly. Of course scores of examples may be found which seem to support such a theory. But the reasoning that would apply this conclusion generally, and without discrimination, is not sound.

I believe the time will come in the evolution of industrial combinations when system and honesty of administration will make it possible for men to retire much earlier than at present.

Let it be granted, then, that all millionaires should quit money-getting as soon as they can in justice to their families, associates and employees; that some keep at it longer than they should because they can't help it; that others are afraid to drop out because they believe that the retired man is a close neighbor to the dead man. There is still one word to be said on the other side of this problem. It seems to me that every able-bodied man of sound mind and not too advanced in years is in duty bound to do some of the world's work, whether his fortune is less than a dollar or more than a million. This is as binding an obligation as it is to quit and give others a fair chance when the millionaire can safely put his affairs in the hands of others.

This is human nature and can't be helped. To my mind, this is in most cases the attraction that keeps the millionaire at his desk when he has no other earthly reason for laboring. It is meat and drink to him, for it gives him power, and man likes to exercise power.

But some men keep at money-making for the sake of others, too. Mr. Armour was a grand example of this kind of a man. He made money that he might do good with it. Mr. William Deering is another man of the same stamp, actuated by the same noble motives that made Mr. Armour a hard worker as long as he could stay at his desk. These men have put their money into brains.

Frequently a man is found who is really afraid to retire. These men think they will live longer if they stay in the harness. All these considerations keep men in the front of affairs long after they have earned a good rest and after they would be better off, in many instances, by taking things easier.

If more of them would let up a little on hard work and take a little recreation in the line of giving away some of their money they would find more pleasure than in anything they could possibly do. There is no fun like it. And I have reason to believe that the millionaires of the country—those who have made their own fortunes and have passed middle life—would in general be glad to do something of this kind. On every hand I find that my own experiences in this kind of thing bring out expressions from men worth their millions which show that they would like to do that kind of thing, too, if they knew just how to go at it.

Only a little while ago I went to Colorado and spent twenty days at a college built on the same spot where I had camped with the Indians years ago. Almost every night a dozen or two of the college boys would come up to my room and we would have a jolly good time. Those are the things that make a man glad he has worked hard for a fortune, so that he can have the fun of putting it where it will help to make good, sound men. More millionaires will follow this course as time goes on. Of that I am confident. Let us hope that it will become the general practice for retiring millionaires to spend their energies and occupy their minds with tasks of this sort. And they will find that it will yield more pleasure, even, than they found in making their fortunes.

Editor's Note—A question that one hears often asked by young men, and the public in general, is: Why don't men retire from business when they have made money enough to satisfy their every reasonable want, and to insure their families an independence? This question has been answered in brief articles for The Saturday Evening Post by a number of wealthy capitalists who are at the head of vast business enterprises. The views of a group of Western business men are given this week. Some Eastern millionaires will contribute to a second and final article, which will appear in the next issue.

Many Millionaires—Many Motives

By D. K. Pearsons

THE millionaire doesn't stop making money for the same reason that the thrifty old farmer doesn't stop buying land. He sees another eighty and wants it. Somehow he makes himself think he's actually going to need that land, that in some way it's necessary in order to round out his acreage and make his holdings complete.

In other words, there is a sort of a joy in making money, and it is this feeling of intoxication which keeps men at work multiplying fortunes already bigger than they can appreciate.

Activity the Breath of Life

By S. W. Allerton

WHY don't millionaires step aside and stop piling up fortunes? Because happiness without occupation is an impossibility! That puts the whole problem in a nutshell, so it seems to me. A man who has made a fortune of a million is used to the rough-and-tumble battle of business; his habits of life are active instead of scholarly, and he must have something to do in which he is vitally interested. Consequently, if he steps out of the business push he feels that he is out of the real whirl of things. And the minute he begins to *feel* out, he starts to *rust* out. That is what the millionaire who has made his money, instead of inheriting it, dreads most of all. He's human, and the idea of being regarded as a "has-been" doesn't agree with him. And why shouldn't the millionaire stick to his post right up to the end, the same as a man who simply owns a home and a little business—a corner grocery or a blacksmith shop? One thing is sure—it's the best thing that could happen to the country when a man who has built up a big industry refuses to retire simply because he has enough! Isn't such a man doing more for his race by giving the enterprise he has founded the benefit of his brains than by simply dropping out, putting his money into bonds, and doing nothing in a business way outside of cutting coupons?

They'll tell us the young man of to-day hasn't a square show because the millionaires have got together and formed combinations, consolidations and trusts. Take Federal Steel as an example. This is a big millionaire combination, capitalized at ninety million dollars. It pays out something like fifty to sixty million dollars a year in wages and salaries. Suppose the men who get that money should save ten per cent. of it and put it into the stock of the concern. It wouldn't be long before the laborers would own a controlling interest in the concern.

On the other hand, suppose I owned the Federal Steel individually; suppose it to be a one-man concern, not a stock

company. What chance would there be for the employee, the young man looking for a chance, to acquire an interest in the enterprise unless I should choose to take him in as a partner? He couldn't go into the open market and buy an interest in the shape of shares of stock.

These millionaire concerns, as the big corporations are called, stand for human progress. The men who control them have a duty to perform which demands that they stand at the helm and give labor of every kind and every grade the benefit of their judgment and of their grip on affairs.

However, I hold that Congress should pass a law compelling every corporation to publish a truthful statement of its affairs, and that it should make the publication of a false statement, or the failure to publish any statement, punishable with ten years' imprisonment.

It is hard to make too much of the point that the millionaire capitalist owes a debt to labor which should stand above considerations of his own ease. Our men who know enough to make millions are just the men who can help most of all to straighten out the labor problem. And every laboring man should be glad when one of these business organizers stays overtime at his desk, setting new industries going, building new railroads, and starting the wheels in new factories, instead of going off to Europe to spend his money. Labor—organized labor—needs these men. They are the ones who must be depended upon to bring about the time when there will be no call or occasion for strikes or shut-downs, when the law will prohibit a strike save after sixty days' notice and the filing of a statement of differences in a State court. If I have a difference with an employee or associate I go into court and settle it. The same rule should apply between the labor organization and the corporation. This labor question is the biggest one now before the nation, and the big men of the country, who are used to swinging broad-gauge propositions, should be thanked for staying at the work and helping to solve the great problem of the hour.

Probably one of the commonest reasons by which American millionaires are influenced to work hard long after their properties are larger than they or their families could legitimately use is this: They find their fortunes tied up in vast plants and enterprises which would become comparatively worthless without a high order of brains to run them. To sell out to advantage is not easy, because of the enormous sum of money involved in the purchase. There are plenty of capitalists waiting to buy $50,000 plants at a right figure; but when it comes to swinging a fifty-million-dollar deal, the men are few who can come to the front for such a transfer of interests. This means that the millionaire proprietor must often stay at the head of his business long after his income would warrant him in taking life easy.

Private Enterprise and Public Benefit

By Frank H. Peavey

LOVE of work is one of the best and strongest of American traits. To realize this we have only to spend a season in Europe. A little observation of what is called high life in the Old World is enough to make any whole-souled American thank Providence that we have no leisure class in the United States. We want no leisure class, in the sense in which that term applies in Europe. Though the American temperament may, in some instances, carry the passion for work to an excess, anything is better than idleness; and if to retire means to give up active occupation our millionaires might far better be engaged in heaping their fortunes still higher than in following the ways of those who lead the "leisure classes" of the Old World.

Mr. D. K. Pearsons

There is no escape from the conclusion that much of our country's prosperity is directly due to our fondness for work. While abroad I have carefully studied this interesting element in the development of national character. Invariably my observations enforced the conclusion that decadence is the sure fruit of idleness. It is plainly to be seen that the men who are doing their share of the world's work over there are rapidly becoming the "powers that be" in spite of all the class traditions to the contrary. This will indicate that I look upon the influence which keeps our multi-millionaires actively in the battle of affairs as an outcropping of a sound, wholesome and commendable trait of the American temperament.

Again, a man is only fairly started on his career when he reaches the age of forty. He is then only beginning to find out what is in him, to appreciate his own powers, his points of strength and of weakness, and to learn the ropes in the big play of affairs. Of course there are marvels of early development, but it is usually the exception when rank growth produces good results. At fifty I confess to feeling my mettle more keenly than ever before, and one of the most terrible things I could think of would be quitting the field of affairs and becoming simply a spectator of the great contest of commerce and enterprise. As a mere onlooker I could take no comfort in calling upon the men at the head of things and playing the game of give and take with them. There would be the consciousness that they had really lost interest in me, and that while, possibly, I might have more money than all the stakes for which they were playing, I should still be out of the game!

Here is the real point involved in this question. From my observations it is not the love of money that keeps the millionaire toiling long after the slightest selfish necessity for his labor has vanished. It's the game! That is what holds him. The money lover is an exception in this day—and a rare one, too. The attraction is in the activity and excitement of the contest—not in the thought of adding something to the fortune already large beyond the possibilities of personal use.

Mr. S. W. Allerton

Some political economists may not regard this as wholly justifiable. It is not advanced as a justification, but as an observation upon human nature as it actually exists.

On the score of justification probably the strongest point to be made is implied in the following questions: If men, generally, were to quit money-getting as soon as they had accumulated a simple competency, who would build the vast railroad systems of the country, and the transatlantic steamship and cable lines? Who would plan and establish the monster private and corporate enterprises which are the marvel of the present day and which require millions for their execution, were it not for the men who have millions to risk? Who would build the great universities, colleges, libraries and art galleries that are everywhere going up, if we had no men of vast fortune?

Perhaps it is urged that there would be as much wealth without any millionaires, but that it would be more evenly distributed. But the gist of the matter is that it takes the same kind of genius to conceive and establish these big things that it takes to get together a great fortune, that the latter is under control of one man instead of many, and that he is the kind of man who sees things on a large scale and can spare a million without feeling it.

Most of these things are done by the broad-minded merchant or man of commercial affairs who has worked until he is fifty to secure a good firm footing, a basis on which to do big things on broad lines. Personally I believe it is a crime for a man with a genius for affairs to smother his executive abilities. The world has need of him on this score without regard to his fortune.

Again it should be remembered that wealth is comparative, and that the millionaire of to-day is no richer than was the possessor of a modest fortune a decade ago.

Many a rich man would cheerfully lay down his burdens were it not for the shrinking of his interests that would come with the retirement of his protection until his associates should gain the experience and judgment to take his place and fill it. Then, too, the average "captain of industry" has a strong feeling of attachment for the army of employees whose prosperity is linked with his own, but who are not endowed with his executive ability.

As to getting out of the way and giving the young men a chance, it should be said that the young man can crowd the old man out if he has better stuff in him. Never was there such a demand in all branches of commerce and enterprise for young men to fill big places as right now. Men with only legs and arms are to be had cheap and in great numbers, but those who are capable of grasping large affairs are not to be had in numbers to meet the demand.

On this kind of young men the retiring millionaire may lean heavily.

By work I do not mean that a man should be a machine and constantly talk shop. With his commercial prosperity it becomes a necessity that he should cultivate his mind as well as his pocketbook. The men of large affairs of to-day are constantly employed, but with diversified interests; they are planning a railroad in the morning, enriching a college or church in the afternoon, and spending the evening in an art gallery or looking over bric-à-brac, and are as earnest and intent in the one occupation as in the others.

No Happiness in Idleness

By W. W. Kimball

WHY doesn't the millionaire stop adding to his riches? This is equivalent to another question: Why does the thoroughbred trotter strain every nerve and muscle to get his nose under the wire ahead of all competitors, no matter how many records he has already broken? Certainly not because he expects to have more oats to eat, a softer bed, or better care if he wins the heat. Nor is it because he will receive greater attention or more honors. He simply can't help it! The very fact that he has many times before done the same thing only serves to sharpen his determination to get around that track ahead of all comers. It's the thing he loves to do, and his only thought is to do it well.

It is absurd to expect a thorough-paced, representative American millionaire to become a quiet spectator of the great contest of affairs. His blood is up in a minute, and he is fired to go into the trial of his running qualities with all his might and main. I do not recall a single instance of an American who has made a large fortune and then retired in the fair possession of his faculties who has not been miserable and discontented; certainly there is none such among my personal acquaintances.

If a millionaire quits business while still vigorous it may fairly be assumed that he does so because he thinks he will be happier on account of the step. Then the great point is that of attaining happiness.

My own conviction is that the man who for many years has been accustomed to swing big deals, to organize large enterprises and push them through to success, finds more happiness in continuing the habit of his life as long as he has the mental and physical strength to do so. If he does feel disposed to let go, he will be wise to do so gradually, not letting his left hand know what his right hand does. The burden of directing details, of personal responsibility, of regular surveillance, may be passed to younger men who have still their fortunes to win. But abruptly to resign the generalship and publicly surrender every badge of authority is not suited to the American spirit.

When the man of affairs makes a public retirement he feels that every other man in business is conscious of the fact that he is "out of it for good and all." This feeling is intolerable to a man accustomed to leadership. He knows that the men of affairs look upon him as a "back number," and no longer a moving force among men. If he is not specially well balanced this will lead him to feel that their view of the matter is right, and that he is about as good as dead and might as well be so in fact. And, in this way of thinking, his remaining days are few and miserable.

Who can doubt that Queen Victoria lived longer, and was far happier during her later years because she refused to abdicate the throne and place the burden of power and responsibility in the hands of the Prince of Wales? The natural, if not inevitable, result of such a step would have been to break down her spirit and cause a general relaxation of all her vital energies and her interest in life.

So with the American business man, especially in the large cities. He becomes lost and lonesome when he quits the active field and goes out of commission. In his heart he feels that the old associates of his active days are too busy to waste time with a man who has cut loose from the business world. And even if they welcome him from a sense of old companionship he is out of touch with them—a pitiable figure, a former leader of men now simply trying to "kill time!"

Then, of course, many millionaires are held in active service from a high sense of obligation to their associates and employees, whose interests would suffer were the pioneer of the enterprise abruptly to withdraw.

Cheap Cabling to the Philippines

THE assignment of army officers to duty at long distances from home has created a new condition which the Signal Corps has been called upon to meet, and which General A. W. Greely, chief signal officer, has met most adequately. With officers separated at a great distance from their families, as is the case with many officers stationed in the Philippines whose wives and families remain in the United States, it frequently happens that it is necessary to use the telegraph. It was found that with the great cost of sending cable messages officers would be unjustly taxed for communicating with their families, and General Greely has devised a system which makes it possible for private dispatches to be sent at a minimum of cost.

The War Department telegraph code contains a code word for each officer in the regular establishment. For instance, the code name of General John R. Brooke is "Nedelbaum." The officers in the Volunteers have another set of words. As an example, the code name of General James H. Wilson, of the Volunteer establishment, is "Navigasse." This Departmental code, used in conjunction with the regular telegraph code, effects a material saving in cost.

For example, an officer in the Philippines desires to cable his wife a message something like the following: "Mrs. James H. Wilson, New York City. Have suffered no injury. Health is improving. (Signed) James H. Wilson."

This message contains seventeen words. By registering the name of the wife, using his own code name, and employing the Departmental code, the message can be compressed to five words, as follows: "Navigale, Washington. Episcenas embryotege. Navigasse."

The Last Days of Our Great General

By His Physician, Dr. George F. Shrady

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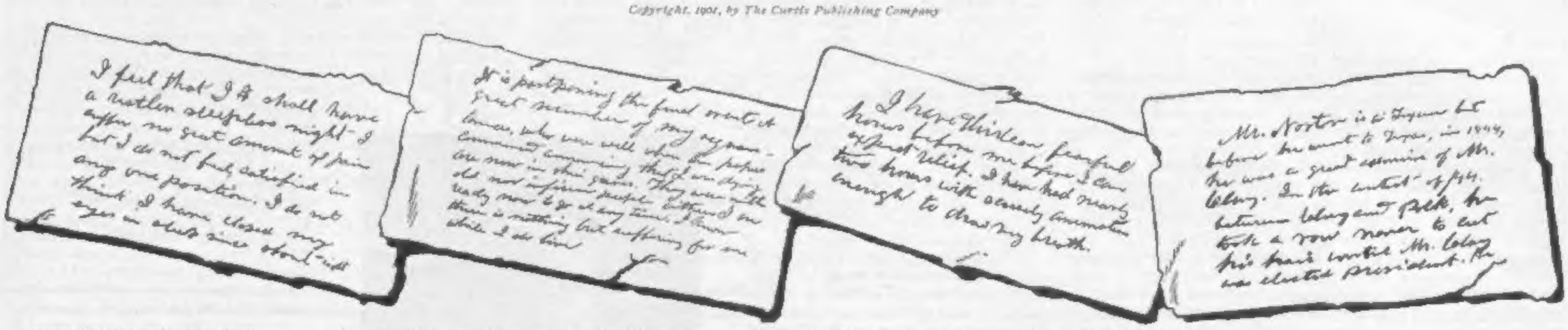

Extracts from notes written by General Grant for Doctor Shrady, when the General was unable to speak

MY ACQUAINTANCE with General Grant covered the period of his last illness, during which I was in his confidence as one of his consulting surgeons; and in all my experience I have never met another person who was so thoroughly a considerate gentleman. Brought into such close association, I had exceptional opportunities for obtaining an insight into his personal character, and almost every day I saw evidences of gentleness, courtesy and consideration that filled me with surprise. There is no place in the world where true nature asserts itself so clearly as in the sick-room. There, all artificial form is thrown aside and the truth manifests itself. Suffering and tedium bring out one's real character. Under these severe tests, drawn out for a year or more, General Grant stood revealed as the plain man.

Brave though he had been on the battlefield, his courage in facing death from an incurable disease was not only a revelation but an inspiration. Realizing from the first that his case was a hopeless one, he was calm, submissively heroic and philosophically determined. The man who resignedly contemplates the inevitable, knowing that it is near, who realizes the dreadful fact that there is nothing in this life for him but suffering, who can bow to the decree without a murmur, and who can conquer his own instinctive love for existence in an effort to care for others, lifts humanity to the highest and purest planes of unselfish endeavor. All these conditions were bravely met by the patient and docile victim.

The only circumstances that helped to make his illness bearable were the sympathy and love of his family and of his many friends and his ability to occupy his mind in preparing his final and sad messages to posterity.

His Calm Discussion of His Illness

A phase of his character that was most striking was the cool and matter-of-fact manner in which he discussed the nature and progress of his malady and the probabilities of a speedy release from suffering. During the consultations he carefully counted his pulse, with his watch before him, and noted the perceptible changes in his condition without the least apparent concern. The registering of his temperature and other matters pertaining to the details of treatment were equally interesting to him.

He always insisted upon reading the bulletins that were issued daily for newspaper publication and with a strange composure frequently remarked:

"Doctor, your last account of me was not a very favorable one."

From the beginning it was evident that his disease had no chance of radical cure, and that death was only a matter of time. And though every effort was made to hide this from him, he soon realized the fatal nature of his malady and discussed it *freely*—that is, as freely as he discussed anything. He was not given to much talking. He was "the silent man" in the bedchamber just as thoroughly as he had been on the battlefield. He would listen attentively to the conversation of those about him and was always thoroughly interested, but he seldom joined in arguments or discussions. He would wait silently until all the others had finished, and then state his conclusions in the fewest possible words, and he did this in a manner that seemed to sum up the situation from the abstract judicial standpoint. Whether it was the instinctive respect that his listeners had for him, or whether his conclusions were always so clear-sighted that they could not be gainsaid, they were accepted as facts. And another peculiarity—he stated them as facts, not as mere conclusions, or as arguments open to discussion. No one who was present failed to understand this, though his manner was habitually so amiable that it appeared at times almost deferential. So pronounced were these qualities that it was difficult to realize that you were talking to the greatest general of modern times, the man who had commanded hundreds of thousands of men on the battlefield, and whose quiet orders had so often been echoed by the boom of cannon and the crash of musketry.

His Most Characteristic Attitude

I well remember the difficulty I had in realizing, when I first met him, that I was in the presence of General Grant. He had been ill for some time, but, though his disease was necessarily fatal, it had made comparatively little impression upon his appearance. He was wearing an ordinary woolen smoking cap. He sat in his favorite position, with his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, his upraised hands being supported by the finger-tips. His eyes had a far-off look, characteristic of his frequently contemplative mood. He looked utterly unlike the pictures I had seen of him, and it was not until he bared his head that I realized his actual presence. Then there was revealed his thick brown hair, tinged with gray, lying in a double curve along his strong forehead. To me, the upper part of Grant's face was the most characteristic. His hair, his forehead, his eyes and his nose made up a distinct combination utterly unlike that on any other head I have ever seen. As soon as he put on a hat much of his strength and individualism seemed to disappear. Though he never spoke of the matter, I believe that he, himself, realized this. His favorite engraved portrait, made by William Edward Marshall, brought out most strongly these characteristics, and whenever he presented a picture of himself to one of his close friends, it was always a copy of this print.

Toward the latter part of his illness I said to him one day that I should value a picture with his autograph. He turned to Colonel Fred. Grant, who was in the room, and said:

"Bring me one of the Marshall pictures for the Doctor."

Colonel Grant came in with a steel-plate engraving and put it down in front of the General, who, carefully selecting one of the pens that were before him, attached his autograph. Colonel Grant, who had been watching his father, then handed him a letter which had been previously written at the General's request. This was the one, which afterward became famous, asking some future President of the United States to appoint the General's grandson, Ulysses, to West Point.

Without dipping his pen in the ink again, General Grant attached his name to this letter. It was done quietly, but, in view of the circumstances, the action was dramatic.

Young Ulysses—Colonel Grant's eldest son—was then a mere boy. We all knew that when the letter should be presented General Grant would have been many years in his grave. Death was hovering over him then. It was only a question of months, perhaps of weeks, when the hand that held the pen would be forever stilled. Altogether, it was a situation that had in it much pathos. It meant a benediction for a future soldier.

No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, New York City. General Grant lay ill in the second-story front room

I believe the others must have been impressed with this scene as much as I was, for, after the scratching of the General's pen had ceased, there was absolute silence in his room, while Colonel Grant carefully folded the precious document.

Young Ulysses has recently been admitted to the Military Academy at West Point on the strength of the letter signed that day by the dying General. The honor of fulfilling the last request made by the great soldier to the Government he had served so well devolved upon President McKinley. Should young Ulysses ever achieve great deeds in the service of the United States, that moment in the sick chamber will become historic.

The date as shown on the portrait given me by General Grant is April 3, 1885; he died three months and twenty days later—July 23.

His Famous Message of Easter Day

Two days after the signing of the letter occurred another incident which has much personal and historic interest. This was the issuance of the now famous "Easter Message."

Easter morning came beautifully bright and clear. The General's room was a fine, large, airy apartment with a bay window overlooking East Sixty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. The house was No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, one door from the corner. The warm sunshine flooded the room, but the patient's vitality was so low that it was deemed necessary to have a fire in the grate. He sat before it in his favorite armchair, apparently oblivious to his surroundings. There was some desultory conversation, but the talk lapsed. Presently he assumed his favorite attitude, his fingers touching. It was always a sign that he was in deep thought, and nobody under those circumstances ever disturbed him. He looked intently at the fire and gradually his lids drooped and he fell asleep. I walked over to the window and watched the Easter procession as it passed up and down Fifth Avenue. As the people arrived at Sixty-sixth Street almost every one turned and most of them stood for a while, gazing silently and anxiously at the General's windows. Soon the street in front of the house was solidly packed with people, and a more varied gathering I had never seen. There were scores of dainty women attired in their Easter gowns; there were nurses with their charges in their arms or in baby carriages; there were maid-servants; there were men of all work, and day-laborers in their Sunday best standing beside millionaires and savants. I recognized in the crowd many of our best-known citizens. There was a hush upon the assemblage that was very impressive. It was clearly evident that the people were not there from idle curiosity. They came to pay tribute to the great soldier who lay dying. At that time none of us knew how far off the end was. Only the preceding Wednesday there had been a complete collapse and for a time it had looked as though death had really come, but a rally had followed and the General was again as well, apparently, as he had been at any time for months past. The uncertainty was there, however, and anxiety on this score affected the public as well as those who were in constant touch with the patient.

His Gratitude for Sympathy Shown to Him

The General slept on quietly before the fire until the crowd had grown to such proportions that it extended almost from Madison Avenue to Fifth Avenue. When he awoke he came to the window and stood beside me, looking down at the people below. He was screened by the curtains and those outside could not see him.

"What a beautiful day it is," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "and it has brought a great assemblage of people. They are all very fond of you. They come here day after day to gaze quietly up at your windows, as a mark of their sympathy."

"I am very grateful to them, very," he said sadly, and then walked back to his seat near the fire.

"Why not tell them so, General?" I suggested. "All the bulletins, so far, have been about pain and temperature or other details of your illness. I am sure the people would be glad to have a message direct from you."

He was silent a moment, and then said: "I am sure I should like them to know that I am appreciative."

"Then why not let me write a message dictated by you, General?"

I drew over a pad of yellow scribbling paper that the General used in writing his Memoirs, and, picking up a pencil, I said that I would write any message he might wish to send.

"Very well," said he; "you may write it in the third person. Say: 'General Grant wishes it stated that he is very much touched by, and very grateful for, the sympathy and interest manifested for him by his friends and by those' —here he hesitated a moment and then continued—'and by those who have not been regarded as such.'"

"But, General," I said, "why not dictate something in the first person, and sign it?"

"No," he answered, "it is much better coming from you. How would it look for me to send out a bulletin about myself? You might say for me that I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not."

General Badeau, who had come into the room just as this last sentence was dictated, exclaimed:

"Splendid, splendid! Stop right there, General Grant! I would not say another word."

His Message Changed by Mrs. Grant

No bulletin was ever sent out without first being approved by the family, particularly by Mrs. Grant, but as the General had dictated this one himself it was not deemed necessary to submit it to her before sending it to the telegraph office on Madison Avenue—the uptown headquarters of the newspaper men, from which place all bulletins were issued. There Mr. Frank W. Mack, who represented the Associated Press, had his headquarters. Summoning a special messenger, I at once sent the message over to Mr. Mack. When Mrs. Grant came into the room afterward I told her that the General had just issued an Easter message to the people and I gave her a copy of it.

"The people will appreciate that," General Badeau ventured.

"Yes, but it contains no recognition of the prayers that have been offered by the people for the General," objected Mrs. Grant. "It is an Easter message, and surely there should be some recognition of those prayers. You must recall the message and remedy that."

A bulletin boy was rushed, post-haste, to the telegraph office with instructions to hold the message. I knew that already it must have been sent out broadcast over the Western Union lines, and suggested to Mrs. Grant that we alter it as little as possible in order to avoid complications.

"How would it be to put the word 'prayerful' before sympathy?" I inquired.

"That will do very well," she answered. So I started at once for the telegraph office to attend to the matter myself. On the way I met Mr. Mack coming for an explanation. He asked anxiously:

"Why do you want me to hold that bulletin, Doctor?"

I explained to him that Mrs. Grant had very properly suggested that some recognition be given to the prayers sent up by fifty millions of people in behalf of her husband that day. When he found that it was nothing more serious than the insertion of a word, he expressed great relief, and the correction was made accordingly.

The Easter message was flashed all over the country and was cabled to the other side. It served as the text for many addresses and many sermons; and when the end came, and the Hero of Appomattox was borne in solemn pomp through the draped avenues of New York, that portion of the message which read, "I desire the good-will of all," formed a conspicuous part in the mourning decorations that were exhibited all along the line of the funeral procession.

His Bravery in Refusing a Narcotic

The fine, simple manner of the man was again made manifest by an incident that occurred some time in the latter part of April, a few days after the Easter message was sent out. Late one evening a message came from Mrs. Grant asking that I call immediately. I found the General feverish and restless. He said that he must have sleep at any cost. It was necessary that he should find rest, and yet the influence of a narcotic upon him in the condition he had reached could not be otherwise than harmful. I determined that he should sleep without it, and told him so.

"But I cannot," he said wearily. "I have tried for hours."

"Well, let us try again."

"What shall I do?" he asked with that gentleness and willingness to obey orders which characterized him all through his illness.

"Just imagine you are a boy again. Curl up your legs, lie over on your side, and try to doze off, as you used to do in the days gone by."

Apparently, the idea struck him pleasantly, as shown by his docile and acquiescent manner.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on The Last Days of Our Great General, the second of which will appear in the next number of The Saturday Evening Post.

"Let us get that pillow from under your head. When you were a lad at home you had no such high feather arrangement. We will take it away and leave only the bolster. Isn't that better?"

He smiled and agreed that it was.

"Very well; put your hand under the bolster and rest your head on it; bend the knees a little higher; curl forward more. There you are. Now I shall tuck you in. Get the cover well over your back and shoulders and under your chin. Now go to sleep like a boy."

Mrs. Grant was present and watched the proceeding with interest. After the covering had been properly arranged and the light in the sick chamber had been turned low, we sat down and awaited developments. In a few minutes we saw, to our great satisfaction, that the patient was asleep. His breathing was regular and natural. His sleep was sound. He rested as he must have done when a boy. After watching the patient for some time, I turned to Mrs. Grant saying:

"I do not know how the General will like that kind of treatment. He may think it inconsistent with his dignity to be treated like a child and may not understand the real motive."

"No danger of that," replied Mrs. Grant. "He is the most simple-mannered and natural person in the world, and he likes to have persons, whom he knows, to treat him without ceremony."

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When I tried the same method the following evening he yielded to it as readily as before, and thereafter he had to take narcotics but seldom. He told me afterward that he had not slept without a pillow, and with his arm under the bolster and his knees curled up under his chin, since he first went to West Point, forty years before.

His Wish to Pass Away Peacefully

Shortly before General Grant was removed to Mt. McGregor, near Saratoga, where he died, the disease from which he was suffering attacked his vocal chords. The result was that he lost his voice and, in order to carry on a conversation, was compelled to resort to pencil and paper. I have preserved many specimens of his brief messages in answer to questions from me. He did his writing on a small paper pad that he carried in his pocket. The size of the leaves was about one and a half by three inches. He always wrote as he spoke, in the simplest possible manner, but there is that in many of these messages that is calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the most stolid. Often there is a tragedy in every word. On one occasion he very suddenly collapsed, and it was feared that death was imminent. Bishop Newman, Mrs. Grant, Colonel Grant and others were at his bedside. Bishop Newman had just baptized him. Every one supposed that the sufferer was at last released, but heroic measures postponed the taking off, and on the following day he was, apparently, in as good shape as he had been for months. In an endeavor to cheer him up I said to him:

"General, you are good for a lot of work still; that may have been a close call, last night, but to-day you are in just as good shape as ever." He startled me by writing:

"I was passing away peacefully and soon all would have been over. It was like falling asleep."

"You are far from passing away now, General," I suggested. "See how well you feel this morning." But he was not to be deceived. Taking a pencil he wrote:

"It is postponing the final event. A great number of my acquaintances who were well when the papers commenced announcing that I was dying are now in their graves. They were neither old or infirm people, either. I am ready, now, to go at any time. I know there is nothing but suffering for me while I do live."

How closely and how calmly he analyzed all the symptoms is shown in this comment:

"But what I say is that I suffer pain all the time, except when asleep. [That it is not intense under morphine has demonstrated the fact that it is pain.] From the location of the disease, this must continue, and even increase. My digestion is perfect and without artificial means to stimulate it; it shows that the morphine I take is necessary for my condition."

He was fearful at times that the ease that morphine brought would cultivate a drug habit, and one day he wrote: "I have such a horror of becoming addicted to it that I suppose that serves as a precaution."

His Suffering as Described by Himself

How much he suffered is shown by the terse statements made on some of the slips I have. They may be given one after another: "I have thirteen fearful hours before me before I can expect relief. I have had nearly two hours with scarcely animation enough to draw my breath."

"I feel that I shall have a restless, sleepless night; I suffer no great amount of pain, but I do not feel satisfied in any one position. I do not think I have closed my eyes in sleep since about eight."

"My days are long and miserable, except when I am employed. An hour of reading or writing also tires me."

"I am having a pretty tough time of it, Doctor, though I do not suffer so much acute pain. My trouble is in getting my breath."

After he went to Mt. McGregor the General's spirits improved, as shown by the tenor of the messages he wrote on the slips.

In a quiet sort of way he sometimes yielded himself to what appeared to him to be the humor of particular situations. On one occasion there was some difficulty in making a proper examination of his throat. When I told him that we should have to get a larger instrument to hold down the tongue he looked up at me, and tried, in hoarse whispers, to speak. Believing that I could not hear him distinctly, he produced his pad and without changing a muscle wrote:

"I said, if you want anything larger in the way of a spatula—is that what you call it?—I saw a man behind the house here, a few days ago, filling a ditch with a hoe, and I think it can be borrowed."

One day there was a delegation of visitors who brought along a fine brass band. "That's fine music, General," I remarked, by way of diversion, to the sick man, who was in his usual position on the porch of the cottage at the top of Mt. McGregor. The General smiled deprecatingly, and pulling out his pad wrote these words:

"I do not know one tune from another. One time, when traveling when there were brass bands everywhere, and all played, it seemed the same tune, Hail to the Chief, on the arrival of the train or when we entered a reception hall. I remarked at last, with the greatest innocence, that I thought I had heard that tune before."

A gentleman with long hair was among the visitors at the cottage one morning. He aroused unusual interest and, as he seemed to know the General very well, I asked who he was. The General gave me this account on his pad:

"Mr. Norton is a Texan, but before he went to Texas, in 1844, he was a great admirer of Mr. Clay. In the contest of '44, between Clay and Polk, he took a vow never to cut his hair until Mr. Clay was elected President. He made up his mind long ago never to cut his hair again."

As in New York, so in the country, there was a constant procession of strangers who were content simply to come to the pathway, stand in front of the cottage, and gaze in sympathy on the old soldier who was battling so bravely against hopeless odds. Much of the time the General was oblivious to the presence of these visitors. At one time a handsomely dressed lady who came with the rest untied her bonnet strings and bared her head as a mark of respect, as she reverently passed the porch. The General had not observed the action, but when his attention was called to it he arose in the most gallant fashion and, lifting his hat, he made the lady an elaborate bow. If she is still alive she will need no reminder to recall the circumstance.

A Literary Love Affair

By Stanley Waterloo

The next morning Bryant found a letter which aroused him most effectually

THIS is a love story of two of the class who know things. Margaret Selwyn was a graduate of one of the bluest women's colleges between the two seas, and, more than that, she had a background of home culture and refinement, having parents of brains. She came from college with those acquirements which shine exteriorly, and had an incurved back, and was "tailor made" from head to heel, yet having within her all that gentleness and greatness of heart which make a woman better than anything else, not even excluding the strawberry upon which the Right Reverend Bishop pronounced such a sincere eulogy.

As to the man, Henry Bryant, he belonged socially and in all other ways to the same class as the woman, even in brains and goodness, considering, of course, the limitations of sex. Each of these two occupied a social position—if such a thing as recognized social position is defined enough in the United States—distinctly understood by the people who knew them. Each was arrogant and self-sustained, and each thoroughly and admiringly in love with the other. It was wonderful how these two, each accustomed to be obeyed, and each, in a gentle way, unconsciously dominant with those about, grew close and yielding together. Each recognized the masterfulness, feminine or masculine, of the other, and there came a great sweetness to the understanding. Yet to these two, well-poised and mentally well-equipped, came gusts and showers of difference of opinion. The man tried to be dignified and self-contained upon these occasions, but, as a rule, failed miserably. The woman didn't even try.

But these differences throughout the months of their engagement resulted in no tragedy of importance. They both had so much of the salt of humor in their composition that they recognized the folly of even a momentary antagonism, and each laughed and begged the other's pardon or rendered the equivalent of that performance. They laughed together over their mutual short lapses of realization of what it is that makes the world go round.

At such times as they quarreled the man would tell her the foolish but probably true old story of the Irishman who came annually whooping into town at fair time in some old Irish village, whirling his shillalah above his head and announcing to all the world that he was "blue-mouldy for want of a batin'." And, after this comparison, Bryant would announce, in strictest confidence, to his sweetheart, that this blessed Irishman never failed to get his "batin'," and that there were "others" even unto this day.

And so it came, in time, that this man, in love with a woman, called her his "blue-mouldy" girl, and this came to be the sweetest title in the heart of each.

With all the saving grace of the sense of proportion, which is a good part of the sense of humor, and with all their love and understanding of each other, with such characters it was inevitable that something must happen. There are laws of Nature. Vesuvius gets dyspeptic. Certain Javan islands spill up into the sky and the world has red sunsets for a while. One day, this woman, good product of a good race, sat in her parlor awaiting her lover. She was reading a book as she waited.

Now as to certain facts: Miss Selwyn was in her literary tastes an Ibsenite, Hardyite, Jamesite, or something of that sort. Bryant was a Kiplingite or Conan Doyleite. She trimmed close to something sere, and where nerves were. He was chiefly in his literary tendencies "Let her go, Gallagher!"

Margaret, having become absorbed in her book, looked up with saddened eyes from her literary draft of wormwood and tea, with the beginning of beautifully creased brows, to note the entrance of some lusty flesh and blood. Less in accord in mood and thought than were these, for the instant, never existed two people on the face of the earth, earnest lovers though they were and of about the same quality of thought and being. Something had to happen.

"Why weep ye by the tide, Ladye?" began Bryant, glancing at the face of his sweetheart, and from that to the book she had laid aside. As she did not reply immediately, he continued, taking up the volume:

"Is it The Han't that Walks or The Browning of the Overdone Biscuit that has lowered your spirits?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said.

"Neither do I," said he.

There they were, he, overcoat still on and hat in hand, and she sitting there and looking up at him but still enwrapped in a more or less emotional feverishness contracted from the volume in his hand. Any purely objective onlooker would have required no announcement of the approaching "circus."

The girl made an effort to recover command of herself. "Leave your hat and overcoat with the maid," she said, "and come and sit here in the window and look at the lake, while I read to you the beautiful ending of the story I have just finished."

"I will stay with pleasure," Bryant declared; "I was going to ask you to go with me to the park and idle among the chrysanthemums, but this will be better." And he seated himself near the window. "May I be allowed to look at you, instead of following your advice to the letter and keeping my eyes upon the cold, gray lake water outside?" he continued. "No matter what I hear, I shall be content if I can see you."

Miss Selwyn flushed a little, but laughed good-humoredly.

Here the purely objective looker-on aforementioned might murmur over the foolhardiness of man when he meets, unawares and all uncomprehendingly, one of the bewildering moods of an impressionable sweetheart. The contented male creature rushed blindly to his fate.

"Before you begin, dear, tell me; tell me it is not Tolstoi or Ibsen you are going to read, nor yet George Meredith or Sarah Grand!"

At the last reference Miss Selwyn's eyes began to flash dangerously.

"You know I detest her!" she exclaimed.

"Do you refer to all four of the writers I mentioned as of the feminine gender?" inquired Bryant with an appearance of fervid interest. The fool was actually enjoying it all.

Seeing that her lover was only chaffing, Margaret made a brave effort, settled herself in her chair and found the place in her book.

"Before you begin—I beg your pardon," said Bryant deferentially, "but let me say that I was up late last night, and if I can't keep awake under the spell of your voice, don't blame me. Wake me up at the catastrophe, when the distant door slams or somebody breaks a teacup."

Miss Selwyn laid the volume down again, and, still smiling, answered quietly but a shade frostily:

"It would take something written with a mixture of raw brandy, blood and vermilion paint to arrest your attention, I believe! Your authors write with—with—an ax in place of a pen. But I can't harrow up my own imagination with their horrors, much less read them aloud!"

"An exclusive régime of problem novels, plays and moralizings on pessimistic lines is bad for the mental digestion," admitted Bryant in judicial tones. "Poor girl! I must teach you to live in and love this beautiful, violent, sweet and good old world of ours—the world of real Nature, real men and women, and real literature!"

"I thank you for your indulgent, patronizing intentions," she flashed back at him. "You would feed butterflies on brawn, teach the bluebird to scream like a macaw, make the trembling, silver-leaved white birches all over into oaks."

"My dear Margaret——" stammered Bryant, starting up, but he could not lay the spirit he had raised.

"There are questions in life that cannot be settled by the stroke of a sword or ax," she went on. "Your favorite writer has smirched the fair figure of childhood in his brutal pictures of boys' life. He has made an unwholesome, disgusting thing out of what should be and is healthful and fine. How can you, who read him with patience, carp at my taste for what seems to me well thought and well expressed?"

"The effect of your favorites upon you to-day has not been particularly reassuring," said Bryant, more stirred by Margaret's tone and manner than by her words. Seeing that he had angered her, and trying to stem the tide of her indignation, he still blundered most flagrantly, and within a half hour the quarrel had culminated in an avowed separation for the rest of their lives, Bryant leaving the house in a state of indignant misery such as fond and overconfident lovers alone may know.

Not a word had been said, this time, about the "blue-mouldy" girl. The atmosphere had been too electric, the mood too tense for a laughing word.

Then followed silence between these two. Stubborn pride on the part of the woman, proud stubbornness on the part of the man. They were earnestly and faithfully in love, but each waited to hear the first word of forgiveness.

Bryant did write, but in his preoccupation left his letter upon his desk unposted, and in a day it was snowed under by his unopened or carelessly glanced at mail. Of course he misunderstood Miss Selwyn's silence and she resented his.

One Sunday morning Margaret, with an innate grasping and running back to the faith in which she had been bred, sought help at the source which best suited her—the relief which comes from religion.

It so chances that there is a shrine upon the bank of the Ganges. It so chances that there is what we call a Mecca. It so chances that we all occasionally seek our shrines.

Margaret Selwyn sat in her shrine, the outgrown old Episcopal Cathedral on Washington Boulevard, and listened to her pastor, one of the great old men who have grown up with a creed, but with thought and lovingness; one who has learned how to heal wounds, the wounds of which no tongue can tell, and how to advise genially and generally as to the affairs of life. Somehow, the old gentleman, with his white hair and robes, his simple, clean, old-fashioned honesty, had imparted to her a strength and faith in God which calmed and helped her. It may be there could not have been imparted to her by any one else in all the world, politics and power and inherited splendor all considered, as much as could this plain old man.

The white-robed boys came out and sung their recessional, and there came out upon the streets a woman perhaps clearer and more comprehensive of mind in some undefined way than before she entered the church—certainly more equipoised of mind than she had been for days.

Meditatively alive to the quiet of this Sunday noon, Miss Margaret Selwyn, as she neared the centre of the city, stopped short and looked about her. Where was she?

The pavement of the street was gray-blue, spotted with white, and gleaming here and there with the iridescent living tints of bird plumage. The air was winged by soft forms, and a crowd of idlers were scattering grains of corn upon the ground to lure and keep in sight the most graceful creatures that live between the sky and earth.

Against a sky as blue as that of Venice two snow-white pigeons were flying straight down the street toward their companions. A swarthy Italian stood with the birds almost under his feet, but, save the dark face of the street-vender, the pigeons and the perfect sky, the picture involuntarily imaged in Miss Selwyn's mind was all away and awry.

Here was no stately tower, remote and solitary as a recluse in a worldly throng; no Byzantine temple delighted her eye with its warm and gracious humanity of suggestion. The vast sunny space of the Venetian square, with its columned coffee-houses and shops, was in spirit and in truth far removed from here. St. Mark's, and the place where the dream of a moment had arisen in an impressionable mind, might have been on two different planets, so opposed were they in every outline, spirit and detail—save one: the fluttering, flying, eager, unafraid pigeons.

The sun shot side glances down through the thoroughfare and really did some good on this day, because this was the

Miss Selwyn was in her literary tastes an Ibsenite, Hardyite, Jamesite, or something of that sort

day of the Nazarene, and even the money-seekers on this day had abandoned in their affairs the consumption of bituminous coal. That is why on Sunday, in one of the greatest cities of the world, the air is clear and the breath better. That is one reason why, on Sunday, the American cousins of the "pigeons of St. Mark's" come fluttering from somewhere about the city, from only the Maker of them knows where, and dip downward out of the ether trustingly to the feet of the passer-by, be he thug or preacher.

Miss Selwyn had never heard of the vast flock of doves which dwell in security among the towering buildings of the city. Their wings flash across wide darkling streets all day, welcome to every careworn man who watches, for a moment, their graceful flight. They were here before her now—there, parading, strutting, looking up hopefully toward the men about them, each eagerly seeking the next flip of the corn. They were—and are to-day—because of some gracious instinct in humanity, the best casual street exemplification of what is best in human nature.

They dripped and dropped from somewhere almost simultaneously. There was one who strutted the most struttingly and whose only really justifiable claim was that from crown to midway of his body he had such iridescent purple as all the shell-opening fishermen of Tyre and Sidon never devised half-way. There was another one, a quaint little maiden who will probably marry some English nobleman of the birds, snow-white, with strange geometrical lines criss-cross about her back, and who was almost duplicated by a dozen or two others of her breed. There were two rufous things, the red of whose top and back lapsed into a white beneath, almost as exquisitely as blends the splendid red hair of a woman into the ever accompanying white of the skin beneath. There were little drizzled things, pert, like bantams, off-breeds which had introduced themselves into the community. And there was nothing but just a tossing about among those beautiful creatures upon the pavement there, nothing but an Oliver Twistish clamor for "more" from those who stood above them, to whom they were doing more good than they could know.

On week-days the pigeons fly out in foraging parties to the railway yards and the neighborhood of the huge grain elevators. They can be seen glancing above the tall buildings, or flying, specks of gleaming light, along the hollow spaces above the streets as they go and come from their feeding places. The crowded masses of wagons, street cars, carriages, horses and hurrying people keep the pigeons from the street where they are most at home together for six days. But on the seventh, when the burden of labor is lifted for a brief space from the shoulders of toiling mankind, the pigeons rally in force upon one of the most busy, prosaic, care-breeding corners in the great spreading city by the lake. And every Sunday come, as surely, men and boys to feed the air-travelers and look at them with the worship all men feel for natural beauty and grace.

Miss Selwyn had chanced upon this unique function, the pigeons' Sunday banquet. Here were no appealing graces of architecture and Venetian balm of atmosphere. The rough pavement on which the yellow corn was scattered was a contrast to the smooth and perfect floor of the great Piazza. On one side was the inevitable American drug store, plain, matter-of-fact, yet giving, by its crimson and purple window globes, the only touch of pure color in that part of the street. Across the way was a hotel. A clothing store, with its paraphernalia of advertisement, occupied another corner. It was Clark and Madison Streets.

Miss Selwyn saw every detail of this scene at a glance, and then her eyes were fastened upon one figure.

Standing among the others was Henry Bryant. His straight, powerful figure, commanding in presence and pose, seemed to separate him, in a way, from the men around him. But, like all the onlookers, he bought corn and scattered the grain on the ground, watching the pigeons as they clustered around his largess. He was as unconscious as a child, and as gentle, about his simple pleasure. His face was a little worn and changed by the suffering of the days of separation from her—Margaret's eyes were quick to see that.

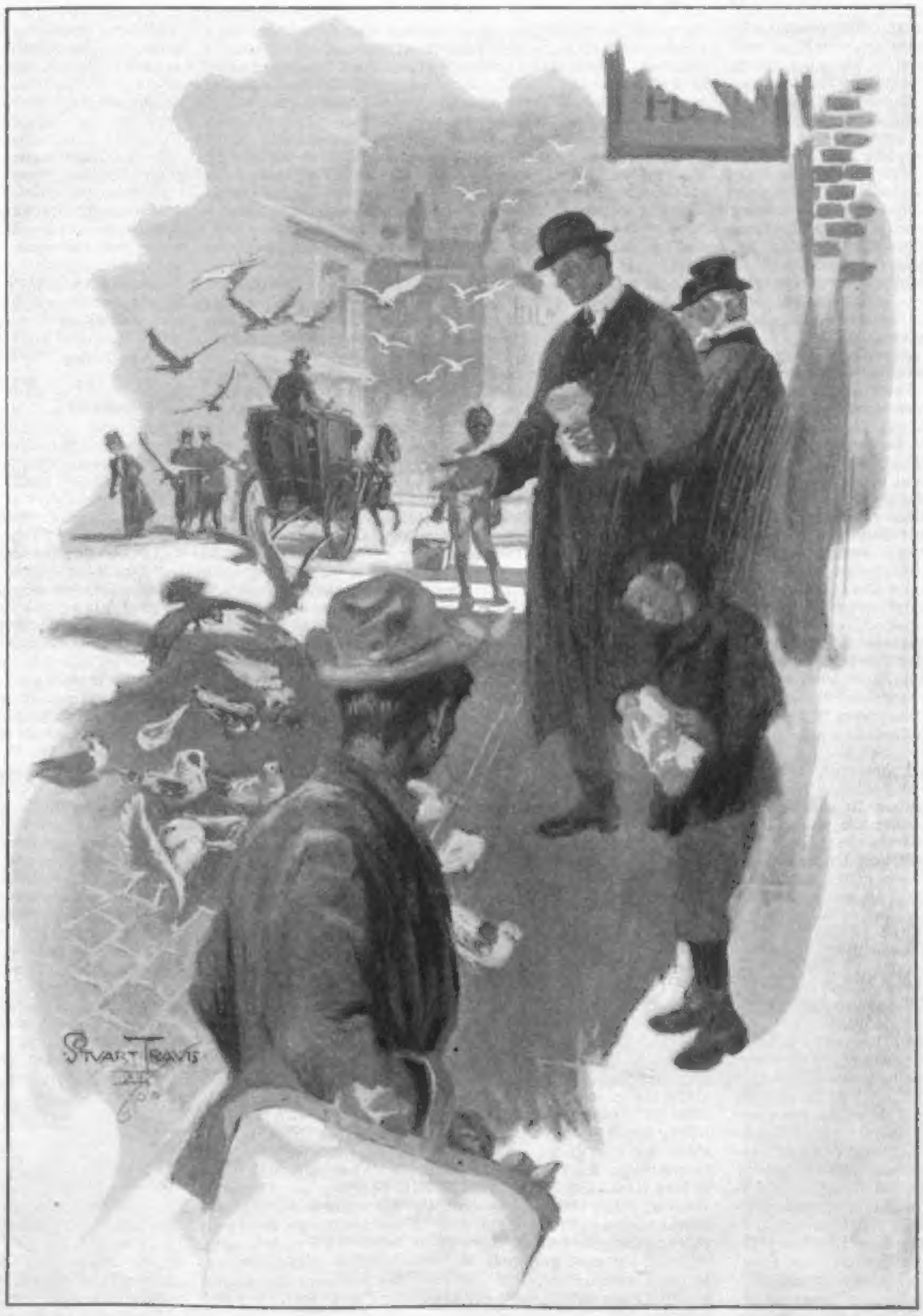
That was the man from whom she had separated after a wordy war over wordy books. That was her lover over there. His whole look, attitude and occupation appealed to her tenderness. Love rushed tumultuously onward, a tide of irresistible strength, sweeping away every carefully-built structure of repulse and every barrier of opinion. Their quarrel was forgotten. Yet the reserve of a proud nature and of custom kept Miss Selwyn from crossing over to speak to Bryant.

She walked home with a springing step. Once the thought came into her mind that Bryant might go away somewhere at once, that the message she was hurrying to send him might not reach him, and at the idea she felt faint and disheartened. She stopped and, for an instant, almost turned back, but, checking herself with a smile at her own impatience and trivial forebodings, she held on her homeward way again.

She could see her lover, and see him as plainly as when he was in reality before her, all unconscious of her presence, half absent-mindedly and all tenderly scattering grain for the cooing, fluttering pigeons at his feet.

The next morning, Bryant, looking over his mail with little relish—for much of the interest in living was out of him just then—found a letter which aroused him most effectually from his mood of listlessness. It said:

> DEAR: I am "blue-mouldy for want of a batin'." Come to me. MARGARET.



He was as unconscious as a child, and as gentle, about his simple pleasure

Money in Fiction

By Clarence Rook

YOU may make money by writing a great deal, and you may make money by writing a very little. That is the conclusion to which I have come after reading and reflecting on Miss Beatrice Marshall's short biography of her mother. I do not know whether Mrs. Emma Marshall was popular in America. In England she had a tremendous vogue with parents and guardians in search of wholesome literature for girls. For some years I knew her in her home at Clifton, Bristol's beautiful suburb. She took to writing in order to support a family left destitute by the Gurney failure. She supported the family, and sent it out into the world with two coats and everything handsome about it. But, not being a parent or a guardian or a girl, I never realized the amount of work—steady, hard, grinding work—that she did. For more than thirty years she sent out, on the average, a book once in every ten weeks. Think of it!

Remember, too, that Mrs. Marshall's hundreds of thousands of words were written with the pen and her own hand, not dictated or gabbled into a phonograph. Not for a moment can I imagine the quiet, gentle lady that I knew, with her love for cathedrals and her children, establishing relations with a phonograph.

Mr. Guy Boothby's methods are very different, though the results are similar. Mr. Boothby is one of the writers—there are about half-a-dozen—who, as Mr. Barry Pain remarked to me (removing for an historic instant his pipe), publish a novel every Tuesday morning. But Mr. Boothby does the thing in style. He calls in the new world of phonographs to redress the balance of the old world of quill pens. Some years ago the public admitted that he could tell a story splendidly, and rewarded him with the means to acquire a country place within striking distance of London.

Mr. Boothby cannot be accused of ingratitude. He rises betimes in the morning—at five o'clock or thereabouts—and faces a roomful of phonographs, simmering with the excitement of unsolved mysteries. How can those phonographs sleep? Or do they have nightmares? Until breakfast time he walks from one phonograph to another, waking them and proving that their fears have no basis in reality. Then the rest of the day he spends among his bulldogs and does other things that prove he is not a mere human machine.

There are some exaggerations and some omissions in this thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Boothby. But it is in the main accurate, and is a curious contrast to the figure of the laborious Mrs. Marshall. One feels that if Shakespeare had had Mr. Boothby's advantages he would not have been compelled to go down to Stratford and die of paralysis and writers' cramp. You will remember the late J. F. Nisbet's theory, based on an examination of those contorted autographs!

But you may earn money by writing a very little, and it seems that Mr. Maurice Hewlett has reached the goal of that path. Mr. Hewlett is one of the most reticent of writers who have reached fame. Three years ago the London Academy crowned his Forest Lovers as the best work of its kind published in the year. The crown was worth fifty pounds sterling. Since then he has published a volume of short stories and another romance, Richard Yea-and-Nay.

Now Mr. Hewlett has taken over the house, in the north-western district of London, formerly occupied by a member of his publishing firm. The publisher's laughing explanation—that he could no longer afford to keep up the house—may be received with a polite smile. But the incident has its significance. The days of Grub Street are over.

Mr. Hewlett bears no trace in his aspect of the pushing business man. Fanciful with a pen in his hand, he is in conversation almost dull. Yet with three known books to his credit he has stepped into the house of his publisher. The fact should not be allowed—like Calverley's breezy nursemaid—to "pass without a tribute by."

Old Cadets—and Old Pranks—at the Point

By General Charles King (Class of '66)

MASS three hundred healthy lads in a school of any kind, no matter how Puritanical its purpose, and sooner or later there will crop out something of the irrepressible spirit of fun or mischief. No school I ever heard of keeps its students under stricter surveillance than West Point. Yet even there, though they may look like statues or move like machines in ranks, the Corps of Cadets will develop as much devilment to the square inch as a shipload of monkeys.

Remarkable are the pranks they play, and seldom are they caught. Oddly enough, however, the ringleaders in frolic in our cadet days proved often to be the troop leaders of later years on the Indian frontier. Cadets who were graduated within two decades preceding the great Civil War had grand opportunities to show what was in them. Their successors have had few. But I venture the belief that just as good material was trimmed and finished in the sixties, and since, as was graduated in the fifties and beyond.

Grant, in his cadet days, was so quiet, even-tempered, undemonstrative, that his great soldiership was never suspected. He was known as "Sam" Grant and a splendid horseman—that's about all. Sherman was a keen Ohio Yankee with a gift for science and study that landed him in the artillery. Meade was quiet, but quick-tempered, a lover of books. Sheridan was a snappy-eyed, slim-built little Irishman, who lost a year and nearly lost his commission for sailing into a cadet sergeant who had reported some military solecism on his part. George Crook, his roommate, helped him through with mathematics in their boy days as he did with the battling in the Shenandoah long afterward. Taking them by and large, as the sailors say, the men who won the highest honors in the great war were not always those who won the highest honors at the Point. McPherson, Mackenzie and O'Rorke, it is true, headed their respective classes and were superb in battle, equal to any command. McPherson was the chief and idol of the Army of the Tennessee when he met his soldier fate in front of Atlanta, and Mackenzie, a leader in devilment in his cadet days, survived the scars of the war to become the highest officer of his years in the regular army, only because he had as many lives as a cat.

Those Who Led in West Point Fun

Many a class head, however, failed to fulfill the promise of genius. The army and corps commanders to win renown hailed, as a rule, from the body of the class, but yet never from the "tail." At the time the war came on vast stress was laid by the administration of the Academy on what is now called discipline and what was then called "conduct." This made fun more costly and consequently more desirable, and of all the promoters of mischief ever tumbled into the hopper of West Point those scamps sent thither for daring at the front among the Volunteers were far and away the leaders.

I believe there was more of the concentrated essence of pure deviltry in the class of '67 than in a dozen others combined. Those gifted spirits chosen by Grant, Sherman, Meade, McPherson, Buell, Thomas and Logan from their legions in the field had never a match in a like number. Night after night in the dead of winter there would burst on the startled ear from the quadrangle "area" of barracks a wild chorus of hoots and yells that would bring to the scene indignant officials, only to find the contents of the gymnasium, the benches of the recitation-rooms, or the mess-hall furniture stacked all over the premises. Then, by way of aiding the officials in restoring order, ponderous iron kettles laden with *lignum vitæ* spheres from the decrepit bowling alley, all impelled by invisible hands, would come thundering down the iron stairways and bounding into the area. Yet instant inspection would reveal the entire Corps, to all appearances, sound asleep, each man in his own little bed.

It was '67 that originated, and maintained for long months, that completely appointed billiard club in the basement of the Fifth Division. It was '67 that stocked and ran that sky kitchen, accessible only by rope ladder, in the stone tower over the First Division. It was '67 that created the finest serenade band we had record of in those days, a band that could dispense sweet harmonies one moment and diabolic uproar the next, and it was '67 that gave the Tactical Department more trouble than all the rest of the Corps.

A Memorable Prank on the Plebes

But it was '64 that played a memorable prank on the officer-in-charge and upon his wards, the plebe class, during the summer of 1861. It deserves a page of its own, but briefly is as follows.

Lieutenant Blank, of the Army, was scouting all over camp one dark night, vainly trying to catch the yearlings engaged in the cheery pastime of "yanking" new cadets. There were a few yearlings. There were at least one hundred plebes, but these latter were sliding out into the company streets every few minutes, and the "sliders," diving under the raised tent walls, escaped capture and detection. As a means of checkmate, the Lieutenant ordered all tent walls lowered. Down they came, as ordered, and, in several cases of "plebe hotels," whole tents unaccountably came down, too. Half an hour later he found several walls raised again, and the yearlings busy yanking as before. This was contumacious, to say the least. The cadet officer-of-the-guard was summoned and ordered to see that all tent walls were lowered at once, and to send around a patrol in twenty minutes to arrest the occupants of any tent whose walls should again be found lifted. The stern mandate was made known through the company streets. The guard returned to its tent, and the officer, noting that at last silence reigned where but a little earlier all was suppressed scuffle, scurry and titter, retired, only to be aroused in half an hour by the information that the guard tents were crammed to bursting with cadets whose tent walls had again been raised in open violation, apparently, of his express orders. Amazed at such mutinous disposition on the part of the Corps, he hastened to the guard tents to verify the report, and found them crammed indeed, but only with helpless, guileless, innocent, shivering plebes. On hearing the terms of the order the yearlings had obligingly turned out, deftly raised the tent walls of every "plebe hotel" in camp, and then, in virtuous and audible condemnation of so mutinous a spirit on the part of fledgling soldiers, joyously watched the arrest and incarceration of something like eighty per cent. of the fourth class.

It was '33, so my father said, that captured all the fifes and drums one winter's night, and, lashing them to the halyards, ran them to the top of the flagstaff, to the end that there was no reveille in the morning; but it was '66, a fragment thereof, at least, that "saw that raise and went it better." Aided by three whole-souled scamps of '65, who cheerfully ran out on the frosty plain and loaded and fired the morning gun in order to carry conviction to those who might otherwise only suspect, a certain expert with the drumsticks (who had wielded them in the early days of the Army of the Potomac) beat reveille in the halls and area of barracks and got the whole Corps out at half-past three o'clock on a Christmas morning, and did it unwhipped of justice.

A Wild Rush of an Entire Fourth Class

It was '66, I grieve to say, that, early in its callow days of plebedom, listened not too wisely to the words of the acting first captain one evening in the mess hall as we were finishing supper. I can see the merry twinkle in his kindly eyes even now. Does he ever recall it, I wonder, as year after year he looks into the faces of the soon-to-be-graduates, his cadet pupils? I can hear his voice, clear and shrill as it rang out the words: "'Tenti-o-o-o-n! All members of the fourth class who require stationery for the rest of camp will report at the quartermaster's tent directly after breaking ranks." What plebe didn't want stationery? Almost to a man, the instant we broke ranks on reaching camp, the class tore away in mad race to get there first, each fellow eager to record his name and then to get away to Gee's Point for the one luxury of the day, the evening swim! The sentry nearest the quartermaster's tent had his orders: "In case of riot or disturbance, alarm the guard." What on earth could he suppose but that some fell purpose animated this mob of plebes charging wildly down upon his post? Up went his voice in stentorian shout for the guard. Down came the patrols on the run (were they not all "cocked and primed" beforehand?), and in less time than it takes to tell it, heaving, surging and shoving, reluctant but impotent, the throng of laughing yet rueful boys was rounded up, and, charged with riot, marched away to the guard tents, there to be lectured for their undisciplined outbreak and held in limbo till the distant coming of the Commandant, signaled from far out over the plain, enabled their cadet guardians to set them at liberty.

It was '73—

Seventy-three—Seventy-three
Fired the Gun in the Are-ee'—

the unbirched rascals, and they did it mainly for my benefit, too, they said, for in the revolving course of years I had become an instructor at the Point—commander of Company C and an occupant of a room adjoining them in barracks. It was just after midnight, as I remember, of the last week of their year of plebehood, and it was their unhallowed idea of suitable celebration on the strength of it.

What a roar that old reveille gun made among those echoing walls! And what a chorus of ki-yi's followed, as the perpetrators scurried for their beds!

The officials promptly tumbled out of their quarters and rallied at the scene. There was the gun all right. 'Seventy-three had run it "by hand to the area" clear across the grassy plain; but the runners had vanished.

Nothing was discovered at the time, but it was learned long afterward that the biggest man in the Class or Corps at the time pulled the lanyard, and the same big fellow, not five years thereafter (by that time he was my second lieutenant away out in Arizona), pulled me out of a hornet's nest of Apaches who had smashed my sabre arm past all pulling into shape. Honors were easy.

Put Into the Tent of the Commandant

Kenner Garrard, most courteous of Commandants, gave umbrage to the yearlings in '62 by decreeing that the candidates reporting late in August to enter in September should not be turned over to their tender mercies in camp, but kept for the time away over in barracks. Headed by one of the shining lights of our artillery of to-day, three yearlings stole out of camp one night, slipped over to the barracks, aroused the longest and the shortest of the fledglings, bade them dress and take their blankets, marched them clear over to camp, and put them to bed in the Commandant's tent.

"You'll be stirred up, probably, by a tall man in a blue coat and brass buttons and a red beard. He may pretend to be angry, but pay no attention to him whatever," were their injunctions, and then the whole Corps waked and watched to see the Colonel come in and discover his uninvited tentmates.

It was a scene of unmixed joy, but the equanimity of that thorough gentleman and soldier was never disturbed. "Mr. Counselman," said he placidly to the officer-of-the-guard, "have these Septembers shown over to barracks, if you please." And that was the last of it.

Officers were necessarily scarce during the days of the great war, and discipline ran down, and at one time it seemed as though only the lame, the halt and the blind could be spared as our instructors. Young and active men, and lots of them, are needed to keep pace with the Corps when on mischief bent, and young and active men worth their salt preferred to be at the front commanding brigade, battery or squadron as the case might be. Officers severely wounded were those from whom our instructors had, in many cases, to be chosen, and their interests were at the front, and little attention was paid to what might be going on in the Corps. That omnipresent functionary, the officer-in-charge, as he is to-day, was seen only at rare intervals of his tour of duty along in the early sixties, and so there came satiety of fun of the boisterous kind for a while, but, long after the war, revival set in, and all exploits were dwarfed when, in Schofield's day as Superintendent, the Corps actually succeeded in loading and simultaneously touching off many of the big cannon about the Point.

A Cannon Disturbs an Investigation

Then, in the midst of the solemn investigation that followed, they astounded the authorities by unmasking and letting drive a bronze six-pounder in battery on the very top of Cadet Barracks. How they got it there is a mystery to the uninitiated even now, but its "bang" is said to have punctuated one of the most impressive periods in the Superintendent's lecture to the cadet officers summoned to his presence to account for the uproar of the previous night.

There was no spark of malice in any one of these or any kindred frolics. Pure fun, mischief, pent-up steam were at the bottom of one and all. Life was a long, hard, monotonous grind at best—four years of severe study and relentless routine. The little fun that crept in once in a while was a godsend, and the man that had no humor in his soul could hardly enjoy the predicament of that veteran of a dozen pitched battles, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Blade (we'll call him), of blessed memory, disturbed in his postprandial siesta one hot July afternoon when duties as officer-in-charge kept him in camp instead of at Cozzens, who when aroused, and rubbing his blinking eyes in amaze at the sight, beheld Mr. ———, a plebe in his first uniform, standing over him with a broom for a gun and a fire-bucket for a shako, personating as best he knew how the "orderly for the commanding officer," and gravely saluting and stammering: "The Cadet Chaplain's compliments, sir, and it is time for the catechism." I wonder if the Colonel ever found out who sent him.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three papers, by General King, on Cadet Life at West Point. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 2, and the second in that of February 9.

How Our Early Presidents Entered Office

By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

COULD one by the mere magic of a wish be whisked backward across the years to the April day, in 1789, on which George Washington first took office as President, he would witness inaugural ceremonies bearing small resemblance to those of the present time. New York, then the Federal capital, swarmed with visitors, many of whom are said to have slept in tents on "the Common," and though Washington desired to be installed without pomp or parade, his wishes were not permitted to have much weight in the matter. Salutes of artillery ushered in the day, and the procession, which at the noon hour gathered opposite the President's lodging-place in Cherry Street, was a varied and imposing one. There were a troop of horse, two companies of grenadiers, another of Highlanders in kilts, all the chief municipal officers, the committees of Congress, and the members of the new Cabinet, with a multitude of citizens bringing up the rear. Washington was thus escorted to Federal Hall, in Wall Street, where he was met at the door of the Senate Chamber by Vice-President John Adams, who said:

"Sir, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered to you by the Chancellor of the State of New York."

"I am ready to proceed," was Washington's reply, and then the Vice-President led the way to the outside gallery facing Broad Street, the President following with as many of the functionaries as could find room. Washington listened with closest attention while Chancellor Livingston read the oath. When the reading was ended he kissed the open Bible, upon which his right hand had meanwhile rested, and as he bent to do so, murmured in an intense and fervid tone: "I swear, so help me God." The brief inaugural address that followed was delivered in the Senate Chamber, after which the President proceeded to St. Paul's Church, attending divine service, and thence went to his home. That night New York was a blaze of light, all classes participating in the general jubilee. Washington himself went "downtown" to see the spectacle, returning home on foot.

Washington Eclipsing John Adams

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was the scene of Washington's second inauguration. There was as large an attendance as the hall would hold, but no parade or other popular demonstration. Washington's hold upon his fellows, however, had been in no way weakened by the lapse of years or the disputes bred by his course as President, and when the time came to inaugurate John Adams, the people had no eyes for the new President, but saw only his stately predecessor passing forever from the scene. The ceremonies were held in Independence Hall, where, at the proper moment, Adams took the oath and then delivered his inaugural address. When he left the room the crowd cheered, but did not move. Jefferson, the new Vice-President, after some courteous parley, took precedence of Washington and went out. Still, the people remained motionless, watching the noble figure in black; nor did any one stir until Washington descended from the platform and left the hall to follow and pay his respects to the new President. Then they and all the crowd in the streets moved after him, but in silence. Upon the threshold of his lodgings he turned and faced this multitude of friends. "No man ever saw him so moved." The tears rolled unchecked down his cheeks. Then he bowed slowly and low and went within. After he had gone a smothered sound, not unlike a sob, went up from the crowd.

Thomas Jefferson's inauguration occurred in Washington, to which the capital had lately been transferred from Philadelphia. Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath, and those who had gathered to witness the ceremonies saw the new President take a first step toward what he called simplicity, and what his opponents thought vulgarity, for he went on foot to the Capitol to be sworn into office. He was clad for the occasion, a chronicler of the period tells us, "in a blue coat, a thick, gray-colored, hairy waistcoat, with a red under-waistcoat lapped over it, green velveteen breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings and slippers down at the heels—his appearance being very much that of a raw-boned farmer." Adams, the outgoing President, was not present, but no doubt found grim pleasure in the presence of Marshall, whom he had made Chief Justice, much against the will of Jefferson, only a few weeks before.

Jefferson's Light-Hearted Gayety and Wit

The scene of the ceremonies at Madison's first inauguration was transferred to the hall of the House of Representatives, and the figure of Marshall held the same dramatic position as in the two inaugurations of Jefferson. Troops of militia, assembling at Georgetown and Alexandria, marched to Washington to escort the President-elect to the Capitol, while ten thousand people gathered along the way to greet the procession with waving kerchiefs and shouts of welcome. The ceremonies at the Capitol ended, Madison received the infantry drawn up to receive him, and then, escorted by cavalry, returned to his home, where Mrs. Madison had prepared an abundance of good cheer to be set before those who called to pay their respects to the new President. The day ended with an inauguration ball. None among the guests at this ball was so conspicuous as Jefferson, and never had the retiring President appeared more genial or more ready-witted. Light-hearted and full of repartee, he bred the spirit of gayety in all about him. "You see they will follow you," a friend whispered in jest, as the ladies pressed near him. "That is as it should be," was Jefferson's quick reply, "since I am too old to follow them. I remember," he added, "when Doctor Franklin's friends were taking leave of him in Paris, the ladies almost smothered him with embraces. On his introducing me as his successor, I told them that, among the rest of his privileges, I wished he would transfer this one to me. But he answered: 'No, no; you are too young a man.'" When the ex-President had finished, a young lady listener coyly suggested that that invidious bar no longer existed. What response Jefferson made is not recorded, but it is safe to believe that the maiden did not wait for one.

Bitter Wrangling About Seats

Monroe's inauguration, in 1817, was remarkable chiefly for being the first one held out-of-doors since the seat of Government had been removed to Washington. There had been out-of-door exercises, as already noted, when Washington was installed in New York, but all his successors until Monroe had been inaugurated within doors. It is said by some authorities that the proposal to change to the open air in 1817 was the outcome of a long and bitter wrangle between the House and Senate as to the division of seats in the House at the ceremonies. Agreement being apparently impossible, some one suggested that by going out-of-doors room could be found for all, and the idea was acted upon joyfully. An elevated platform was reared for the occasion under the unfinished portico of the Capitol, and from this Monroe, the day being balmy and beautiful, delivered his inaugural address to the largest assemblage that had yet been gathered in Washington. There were no outdoor exercises at Monroe's second inauguration, rain and snow falling throughout the day; but the city was crowded with visitors, and a long and imposing procession attended the President from the White House to the Capitol and back again.

Pomp and parade also attended the inauguration of the younger Adams in 1825, the marshal, officers and citizens, in deference to what were considered to be the tastes and desires of the President-elect, vying with each other in adding elaborate features to the affair. Adams was attended to and from the Capitol by marines, the military and citizens, but changed the program of his predecessors by delivering his inaugural address before taking the oath of office. After the latter ceremony he received the congratulations of his friends, and then went to his room and made up the list of Cabinet officers to be sent to the Senate.

Enormous Crowds to See Jackson

Events, however, proved that Adams' term in office had been but an obstruction on the road to Jackson's triumph. Jackson stood for victory after effort and amid excitement, and this, with his picturesque character, created such a widespread desire to see him that Washington had never before held such throngs as

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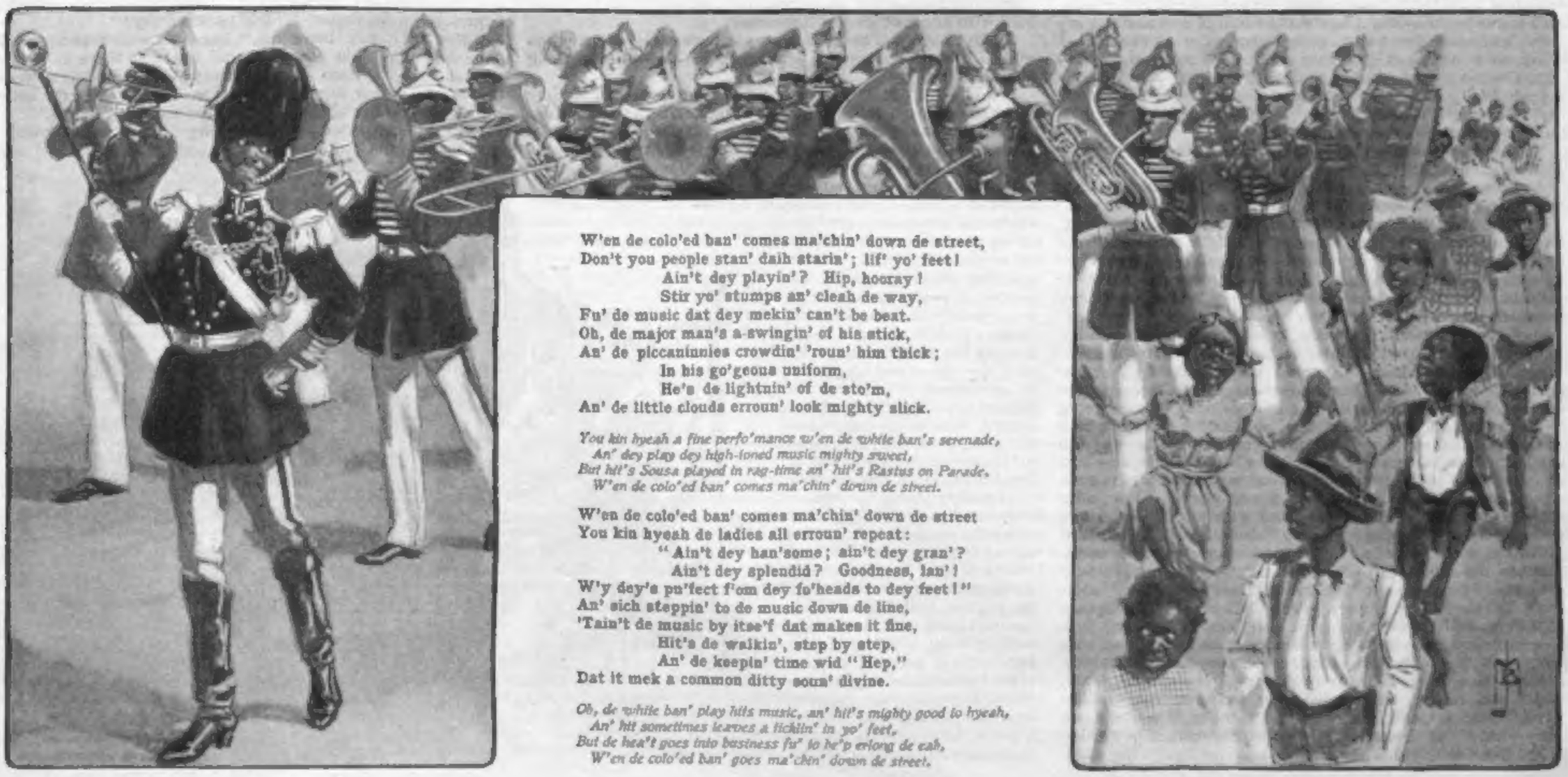
W'en de Colo'ed Ban' Comes Ma'chin' Down de Street

By Paul Laurence Dunbar



W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street,
Don't you people stan' daih starin'; lif' yo' feet!
Ain't dey playin'? Hip, hooray!
Stir yo' stumps an' cleah de way,
Fu' de music dat dey mekin' can't be beat.
Oh, de major man's a-swingin' of his stick,
An' de piccaninnies crowdin' 'roun' him thick;
In his go'geous uniform,
He's de lightnin' of de sto'm,
An' de little clouds erroun' look mighty slick.

You kin hyeah a fine perfo'mance w'en de white ban's serenade,
An' dey play dey high-toned music mighty sweet,
But hit's Sousa played in rag-time an' hit's Rastus on Parade,
W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street.

W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street
You kin hyeah de ladies all erroun' repeat:
"Ain't dey han'some; ain't dey gran'?
Ain't dey splendid? Goodness, lan'!
W'y dey's pu'fect f'om dey fo'heads to dey feet!"
An' sich steppin' to de music down de line,
'Tain't de music by itse'f dat makes it fine,
Hit's de walkin', step by step,
An' de keepin' time wid "Hep,"
Dat it mek a common ditty soun' divine.

Oh, de white ban' play hits music, an' hit's mighty good to hyeah,
An' hit sometimes leaves a lickin' in yo' feet,
But de hea't goes into business fu' to he'p erlong de eah,
W'en de colo'ed ban' goes ma'chin' down de street.

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Professor Pullan said he would speak to the President about it at the next Faculty meeting

THE COURSE IN HIEROGLYPHICS

I WAS very sick for about three days, and just sick for about four or five days more. When Berri signed off for me at the office, the doctor bustled around to my room at noon to see what the matter was. The motives of the Cambridge physician are somewhat mixed, I believe. He has not only the health but the veracity of the undergraduate very much at heart. If you are laid up, of course he likes to know about it; and if you aren't well enough to attend lectures, but manage, with a heroic effort, to go skating—well, he likes to know about that, too.

"Of course you haven't measles," Duggie said when he came in a few minutes after Doctor Tush had gone, "but equally, of course, he said you had—didn't he?"

"Yes, he did," I answered dismally; for he had told me this at considerable length, and I remembered that measles, a good many years before, had nearly been the end of me.

"Well, that's a relief," Duggie went on cheerfully. "You may have all sorts of things, but it's a cinch that you haven't measles. Tush is a conservative old soul; he always gambles on measles, and, of course, every now and then he wins. It pleases him immensely; he usually celebrates his success by writing a paper on The University's Health."

When another doctor was called in he found that I was threatened with pneumonia.

Oh! I had a perfectly miserable time of it at first. The feeling dreadfully all over and not being able to breathe were bad enough, but I think the far-away-from-homeness and the worrying about mamma were worse. I was afraid all the time that she would hear (although I couldn't imagine how that would be possible), and then in the middle of the night I lay awake hoping and praying that she would hear and leave for Cambridge by the next train. I don't suppose I realized just then how wonderfully good Duggie and Berri and Mrs. Chester were to me. Duggie and Berri took turns in sitting up all night and putting flannel soaked in hot mustard-water (ugh!—how I loathe the smell of mustard) on my chest, and when they had to go to lectures during the day—I think, as a matter of fact, they cut a good many of them—Mrs. Chester would come in and hem endless dishcloths by the window. Berri says that he ceased to worry about me from the time I looked over at Mrs. Chester after about half an hour's silence and exclaimed:

"Hem some more with the criss-cross pattern; I'm tired of those dingy white ones."

As I began to get better I appreciated how much trouble I'd given them all and tried to thank them; but Berri said:

"Why, your illness has been a perfect godsend to me. I've done more grinding between midnight and six in the morning than I ever thought would be possible. I've caught up with almost everything." And Duggie stopped me with:

"But if it hadn't been Berri and I, it would have been some one else—which we're very glad it wasn't."

Old Mrs. Chester is a jewel. I didn't pay much attention to her at first, but was just glad to know she was in the room. Later, however, when I began to want to get up and she devoted the whole of her marvelous art to keeping me amused, I appreciated her. She is wonderful. I was going to assert that she inspires the kind of affection one can't help feeling for a person who is all heart and no intelligence; but that, somehow, misses the mark. She has intelligence—lots of it—only it's different; and before my recovery was complete I began to wonder if it isn't the only kind that is, after all, worth while. For it's the kind with which books and newspapers and "going a journey" and all such mechanical aids have nothing to do. (Perhaps I should concede something to the influence of foreign travel, as there was a very memorable expedition to "Goshen in New York State," some time in the early sixties.) Mrs. Chester's intelligence gushes undefiled from the rock and then flows along in a limpid, ungrammatical stream that soothes at first and then enslaves. Her gift for narrative of the detailed, photographic, New England variety positively outwitkins Mary, and I am to-day, in consequence, probably the greatest living male authority on what Berri calls "*la chronique scandaleuse*" of Cambridge. One of her studies in the life of the town forty years ago (it was a sort of epic trilogy that lasted all morning and afternoon and part of the evening, with intermissions for luncheon and dinner), I mean to write some time for the Advocate. It all leads up to the New Year's Eve on which "old Mrs. Burlap passed away," but it includes several new and startling theories as to the real cause of the Civil War, an impartial account of the war itself, a magnificent tribute to the late General Butler, a minute description of Mrs. Chester's wedding—the gifts and floral tributes displayed on that occasion, together with a dreamy surmise as to their probable cost—a brief history of religion from the point of view of one who is at times assailed by doubt, but who doesn't make a practice of "rushin' around town tellin' it to folks who'd be only too glad to have it to say" (this last I assumed to be a thrust at Mis' Buckson), a spirited word picture of the festivities that took place when Cambridge celebrated its fiftieth anniversary as a city, and, at the end, a brilliant comparison between Cambridge and "Goshen in New York State." There was, I think, some allusion to the passing away of old Mrs. Burlap on New Year's Eve, but of this I am not sure.

One thing I discovered that rather astonished me in this part of the world (a locality that Berri in one of his themes called "a cold hotbed of erudition"), and that is—Mrs. Chester doesn't know how to read. I never should have found it out but for an embarrassing little miscalculation on her part in the method by which until then she had delightfully concealed the fact. More than once while I was sick she sat by the lamp apparently enjoying the evening paper that Duggie subscribes for, and I hadn't the slightest suspicion that she was holding it upside down, even when I would ask her what the news was and she would reply:

"Oh, pshaw!—these papers! They're every one alike. They don't seem to be any news to 'em. I don't see why you young gentlemen waste your good money a-buyin' 'em."

Often on her way upstairs she takes the letters that the postman leaves between the banisters in the little hall below and manages to distribute them with more or less accuracy.

"I've got somethin' for you—and it's from your mother, too, you naughty little man you," is her usual way of presenting me with a communication from mamma. I didn't realize until the other day that, as mamma's letters always come in the same kind of gray-blue envelopes, it doesn't take a chirographic expert to tell whom they are from, nor did I recall that when Mrs. Chester appears with a whole handful of things she invariably stops short in the middle of the room and artlessly exclaims:

"Well, now—if that doesn't beat all! Here I've climbed up them stairs again and forgot my specs. Who's gettin' all these letters, anyhow?"

Some time ago, however, when they let me sit up for the first time, Mrs. Chester appeared with two letters. One of them was unmistakably gray-blue, but the other was white and oblong and non-committal. She paused at the door as if about to examine the address and then, suddenly:

"If I ain't the most careless woman in the world!" she said. "I've gone and brought up the letters again and forgot——" but just at this point we both became aware that her steel-rimmed spectacles were dangling in her other hand. They not only dangled, but they seemed to me, a moment later, to dangle almost spitefully. For Mrs. Chester's worn cheeks became very pink. She looked at the spectacles and at the white envelope and at me. Then she said with a sort of wistful lightness:

"Maybe you can make it out; your eyes are younger than mine. I never seen such a letter; it's so—so—it's so slung together like."

"It is—isn't it?" I agreed hastily and stretched out my hand to receive a letter from papa addressed in typewriting.

Just as I thought might happen, mamma had heard I was sick and was, of course, very much worried. Dick Benton—who has never come near me,

and whom I've seen on the street only twice since college opened—mentioned the fact of my illness in a letter home. (I suppose he did it in a despairing effort to make his sentences reach the middle of page two.) Of course Mrs. Benton had to throw a shawl around her meddling old back and waddle across the street to our house to find out the latest news—and as there hadn't been any news, mamma's letter to me expressed a "state of mind." But I fixed her (and incidentally Dick Benton) with a telegram.

By the way, I really must speak to mamma about her recent letters to me. Mildred has been away from home, and as mamma writes very regularly to us both she often refers to things she remembers having written to somebody, but without pausing to consider how maddening they are when the somebody doesn't happen to be myself. From her last, for instance, I gleaned these suggestive items.

"Your father and I have just returned from the funeral. I suppose when one arrives at that age death is really a relief; but it is always solemn.

"Isn't it nice about the Tilestons? I don't know when—in a purely impersonal way—I've been so pleased. They've struggled so long and so bravely and now it seems as if their ship had came in at last. Of course I shouldn't care to have to spend so much time in South America myself (Guatemala *is* in South America, isn't it?), but they all seem delighted at the prospect."

Now, wouldn't that jar you?

My acquaintances generally found out that I was sick about the time that Duggie and Berri and Mrs. Chester discharged me, so to speak, as well. I couldn't go out, and the doctor made me stay in bed longer than was necessary, as the bottom of the furnace fell to pieces one morning and it was impossible to heat the house for several days. But I felt pretty well. By that time, as I said, there was all at once a ripple of interest among my friends over the fact that I was sick. They were awfully kind and came to my room from early in the morning—right after breakfast—until late at night, when they would drop in on their way back from the theatre. My desk was a perfect news-stand of illustrated magazines and funny papers, and I had left in my bookcase probably the queerest collection of novels that was ever assembled outside of a city hospital. Duggie had a fit over them, and as he read the titles one evening he kept exclaiming: "What, oh! what are the children coming to?" The only volume that wasn't fiction was a thing called the Politician's Year Book, and was brought by a queer sort of chap who is very much interested in sociology. I know him pretty well, so, after I had thanked him, I couldn't help saying:

"What on earth did you lug this thing up here for? It looks like an almanac." To which he replied:

"Well, it's mighty interesting, I can tell you. Until I read it I never knew, for instance, how many quarts of alcohol a head were consumed annually in Finland."

Although Duggie and Mrs. Chester didn't say anything I don't think they were particularly pleased at the fellows dropping in so often and staying so long. They played cards a lot and smoked all the time until you could hardly see across the room, and sometimes when night came I felt rather tired and my eyes and throat hurt a good deal. But I confess I thought it very gay and liked it, even if Mrs. Chester and Duggie didn't.

Only one change of any importance took place while I was laid up. Berri's Icelandic dog Saga was removed from our midst. I was aware, as soon as I began to be about once more, that an unusual spirit of peace and order reigned in the house, but I attributed it vaguely to the chastening influence of illness. However, one morning when I was on my way to a lecture and suddenly remembered that I had noticed my best hat on a chair in my study as I came away and ran back to save it from destruction—it occurred to me that I hadn't seen Saga for days. So, while Berri and I were strolling home from luncheon, I asked him if anything had happened.

"He's gone—gone; poor old darling," said Berri. "I hate to speak of it."

"He wasn't stolen or run over or anything?" I asked sympathetically; for now that Saga was no longer an hourly source of anxiety and conflict, I felt reasonably safe in expressing some regret. "Did he run away?"

"No, he didn't leave me," Berri answered sadly. "I gave him up. You see—I found out that there is a law against bringing them into the State; they go mad as soon as the warm weather comes. So I gave him to one of the little Cabot girls on her birthday. She was awfully pleased."

I am rather worried over something I got into lately without stopping to think how much it might involve. Berri and

They smoked all the time until you could hardly see across the room

that tall spook named Ranny that he met at Fleetwood's Wednesday Evening struck up quite an intimacy not long ago, although I can't for the life of me see how they managed it. He isn't a Freshman, as we thought, but a Sophomore. Berri was waiting in a bookstore in town one day to go to a matinée with a fellow who failed to show up, and while he was standing there Ranny came in and began to drive the clerks insane over some Greek and Sanskrit books he had ordered weeks before and that no one had ever heard of. Berri looked on for a while, and as his friend didn't come and it was getting late and Berri didn't like to waste the extra ticket, he invited Ranny to go with him. Well, they not only went to the matinée—they dined in town together and went to another show in the evening. Between the acts, Berri says that Ranny explained to him just wherein the wit of The Girl from Oshkosh differs from the comedies of Aristophanes, and before they parted Berri learned all about the Greek Drama from A to Izzard. Since then Ranny has been to our rooms frequently, and although Berri likes him he usually finds, after about an hour, that he isn't up to the intellectual strain; so he lures Ranny into my study and then gracefully fades away.

Now I like Ranny, too. He has in his ponderous bespectacled way an enthusiasm for several bespectacled ponderous subjects that is simply irresistible. One of them is the study of hieroglyphics. Of course I don't know anything about this—any more than Berri knew about the Greek Drama; not so much even. For he did at least pretend to play a pagan instrument of some kind in a play they once gave at his school, while a German behind the scenes toodled away on a flute. But when Ranny gets to talking about dynasties and cartouches, and draws fascinating little pictures of gods and goddesses named Ma and Pa, and explains how the whole business was deciphered in the first place by means of a stone that somebody picked up in the mud one day—a regular old Sherlock Holmes he must have been—you just can't help being carried away and wishing you could discover something on your own account. He talked so much about it and made it all seem so real and important that one day when he exclaimed: "And the mystery is that the University ignores this subject—ignores it!" I began to feel that the Faculty was treating us rather shabbily and that we weren't, somehow, getting our money's worth.

We talked the matter over very carefully and decided at last that it couldn't be stinginess on the part of the corporation—for why should it allow courses in higher mathematics and philosophy and Italian literature to which only three or four fellows go if it wanted to save the pennies? It was more likely just ignorance of the vast importance of hieroglyphics and the growing demand for a thorough course in it.

"We probably could get a course all right if we showed them how some of us feel about it," Ranny mused. "There's a chap in Latin 47 who'd join, I think—you've seen that middle-aged man with the long sandy beard, haven't you? He tries almost everything."

The person Ranny referred to didn't seem very promising to me. We sleep next to each other in a history course. He never wears a necktie, and the last time I saw him there were a lot of dead maple leaves tangled up in his beard. No one seems to know why he is here.

"Well, that makes three right away," Ranny declared enthusiastically. "Perhaps Berrisford will join, but even if he doesn't, three's enough."

The very next morning after this Ranny appeared, to say he was going to consult Professor Pallas about the new course and wanted me to go along and put in a word now and then. This seemed a little sudden to me, and I said that perhaps I ought to consult my adviser before taking up a new study, as I hadn't done particularly well in the old ones. Ranny said, however, that my adviser ought to be thankful at my showing so much interest and public spirit, so we went over to Professor Pallas' little private room in Sever Hall. He was very glad to see us, and when Ranny began to explain the object of our coming his old eyes glittered. He kept smiling to himself and nodding his head in assent, and once when Ranny paused for breath he brought his fist down on the table, exclaiming:

"I predicted this—predicted it." Then he thrust his hands into his pockets and paced excitedly up and down the room. Ranny was, of course, tremendously encouraged, and I was somewhat horrified a moment later to have him turn toward me with a wave of his hand and declare.

"My friend, Mr. Wood, feels this weakness in the curriculum more perhaps than any of us. For, long before he entered college with the purpose of specializing in this subject he surrounded himself with a collection of Egyptian antiquities that far excels anything this side of the British Museum." (He was referring in his intense way to a handful of imitation scarabs and a dissipated-looking old mummified parrot that Uncle Peter brought home from his trip up the Nile. I had indiscreetly mentioned them one afternoon.)

"We are sure of four workers, and no doubt there are more."

Now the thing that worries me about all this is that Professor Pallas seemed so gratified and eager to help the cause. His attitude toward us was that of a scholar among scholars—deep calling unto deep. He said he would have to conduct a course in hieroglyphics himself, but feared he wasn't competent because he had merely taken up the subject as a kind of recreation at odd moments during the last six or eight years. He couldn't, in fact, recall any one in the United States who was competent, but he knew of a splendid authority in Germany—just the man for the place—who might be induced to give up his position and come over. Professor Pallas said he would speak to the President about it at the next Faculty meeting. Ranny and I thanked him profusely, and that, at present, is where the matter stands. I wake up in the night sometimes—positively cold at the thought of having added hieroglyphics to my other worries. Think of a course for which you can't buy typewritten notes—a course, the very lectures of which will be in German—a course so terrible that no one in the whole United States will dare tutor you in it when you get stuck.

The Christmas holidays are almost here, but it has not been decided yet whether or not I am to spend them at home. Mildred is still gadding about, and papa may have to go to New York on business. If he does, mamma will no doubt go with him and I'll join them there, and we'll all have thin slabs of Christmas turkey surrounded by bird bathtubs at a hotel. Berri has invited me to spend the vacation with him (his mother is living in Washington this winter), but as he remarks dolefully every now and then that he has to stay in Cambridge to write a thesis for his advanced literature course, that is due immediately after the holidays, I don't see how he means to manage. He's been putting off that thesis from day to day. How on earth does he expect to do all the reading and note-taking it necessitates? I've tried once or twice to get him started, but he merely groans and says:

"You're a nice one to preach industry—aren't you? So I've given up. Well, it's no affair of mine, I suppose."

"I never seem such a letter; it's a ... so—it's so slow together like"

Editor's Note—The next installment of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of March 8.

Interviews I've Imagined—Barrie

By Charles Battell Loomis

WHEN I saw the slender form of J. M. Barrie enter St. Paul's Cathedral one very hot day last summer, I supposed that he had gone in to inquire just when that service in memory of the Ambassadors who were not massacred in Peking was to take place, and I was sorry that I could not decently interview him in a church. But as I was about to visit the Whispering Gallery myself, I entered the old cathedral and made my way up the narrow stairs until I reached the vast dome. To my delight the only other person there was Barrie. Why he was there I never asked, so I cannot tell, but he may have been sightseeing. A man likes to know something about his own city sometimes, and Barrie is a good Londoner now, I believe.

Now, it's no fun whispering to yourself, and the regular Salaried Whisperer had gone out to luncheon, so I waited until Barrie was directly opposite me and then I said: "How does this thing work?" in a regular long-distance-telephone-central-girl tone of voice—that is, very softly.

Barrie immediately answered: "Hanged if I know, but it works all right." And it did. He might have been at my side.

Then the brilliant thought occurred to me to interview him up there, so I said:

"This is Barrie, isn't it?"

"It's Barrie; who's yersel'? came the quick answer.

"Is it Barrie with an 'ie'?"

"Aye, mon, ye have ..."

"Now, look here, Barrie," said I; "I've put up with a lot of Scotch in your stories and those of the rest of the Highland gang and I can understand it without a glossary, but it occasions a brain strain equal to that caused by Meredith in his most involved moments, so please give it to me in English."

"Wouldn't American do better?" said he.

Now, how he knew that I was American I can't guess, for the light was dim and he couldn't see my Fedora and I wore no flag. But it only shows the man's keenness.

"Yes, Barrie, I am an American, and I want to put a few questions to you in this roundabout way——"

"What roundabout way?" said he in a tone of surprise.

"This Whispering Gallery, if that suits you better. Never mind who I am. I'm not a public character as you are and so my name is sacred, but I want to ask you a few questions."

"Fire away. I suppose you're an American reporter and I never fared ill at their hands yet."

"Because you never merited ill treatment," I whispered. "First, I want to make some prophecies about your new book, Tommy and Grizel. There's no doubt in my mind that Sentimental Tommy made a deserved hit. Is there in yours?"

No," said Barrie, honestly, before he thought.

"I'm glad you take a common-sense view of it," I said. "Well, every critic who keeps up with current thought knows that your new book will be a success willy-nilly. If it were not it would bear you up for a while. When a man gets a good start on a sled and the snow is hard, the sled may break under him, but he keeps right on."

"Do you mean to say, then, that I don't deserve to succeed?" came the whisper around the gallery.

"Not at all, man. You do deserve to succeed because you're the right sort. What I want to remark, if you will let me before the Salaried Whisperer comes back from luncheon and reduces us to silence, is, that while every critic will say that your book is a big thing, there is not one in a thousand who will stand for Tommy. And the women will hate him. Whether you've turned yourself inside out or not some one is inside out, and it's not a pleasant sight because it's an unaccustomed one."

"But there are hundreds of writers who feel just as Tommy did and who pose like him."

"Yes, old man, I know it, but while there are a few playgoers who like the villain if he is well done, the majority don't look as far as the workmanship: they say: 'Oh! what a horrid character. I don't like him at all. I hope the hero will kill him in this act.' And it's the same with a book. They won't stand for Tommy, true as he undoubtedly is, because he is so unpleasant. They'll say that Tommy is knee-deep in literature and that you've surpassed yourself in mere workmanship, but they'll balk at Tommy. See if they don't."

"But," said Barrie, "Tommy is——"

"Now hold on," I interrupted. "There's no need of your making any damaging admissions. Don't tell me that you are Tommy. I may suspect. I have a right to my suspicions, but if I were to tell the world that you had told me that you were the original Tommy, the women would never get over it. You want to sell your next book, don't you?"

"Why, of course."

"Then don't let on that you're Tommy, if you were thinking of doing it."

For a moment nothing was heard but the low murmur of the organ below. I broke the silence in the gallery myself. "Tell me, doesn't it make you feel kind of trembly to think that here you are with four or five successes to your credit and presumably lots of life before you and books expected of you every year or so? How are you going to keep up the pace?"

"Between you and me and the public, while I wish I might, yet I don't expect to keep up the pace. That's where the value of a reputation comes in. I'm going to try my best; I think my work always shows that quality; but it can be said of few men that the last book they wrote was the best. The glamor of past success will color everything I do, and the little critics——"

"Excuse me; I know what you're going to whisper. The little critics will keep on barking your praise as long as their throats hold out, because they feel that you are the real thing. You are, but they don't know it of themselves; only by hearsay. But Barrie, don't for the sake of your popularity give us any more Tommys. He's as fine in the main as Grizel, but the women don't like him, and when you're writing a book you must keep the women in sight.

Just then a portentous whisper came to us. "Gentlemen, you can't use this place as if it was a telephone, you know."

The Salaried Whisperer had arrived and behind him was a party of tourists.

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728, and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1785 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

COUNT von ZEPPELIN, the flying-machine inventor, has had conferred upon him the Order of the Red Eagle. Emperor William sent the chief of his military staff to pin the ribbon and eagle on the inventor's coat lapel and to tell him that, according to the imperial judgment, his invention was epoch-making. It was probably with a sense of the fitness of things that the Emperor decorated the inventor of a birdlike machine with the order of a bird.

MR. BRYAN'S paper has made its appearance, and its critics have been at his heels. Some find fault because he made a theatrical start and fed the first paper to the press himself and then had a flashlight photograph taken of his performance; and yet the same critics are constantly preaching in their columns the value of advertising. Mr. Bryan evidently knows a thing or two about the business, and he will not need a Presidential campaign to keep him and his journal before the public.

THE other day in the Senate one of the oldest and most distinguished members called another old and distinguished member a liar, and repeated the charge later in the debate. The Senate has dignity to spare, but when it does violate its rules it breaks them into smithereens. It was not so many years ago that, when the House of Representatives was in a rather unruly condition and close to fisticuffs, a humorous member brought peace and order by exclaiming: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, please remember that this is not the United States Senate!"

ONE need not look for changes of world-wide importance to follow the accession of a new ruler in Great Britain, for the power of the British sovereign is, after all, closely circumscribed. Though in theory, for example, the sovereign may veto an act of Parliament, in practice the privilege is not allowed. No English King or Queen, in fact, has exercised the power since Queen Anne vetoed a bill in 1707—almost two hundred years ago. It is worth while to contrast this with the practice and power of our own Chief Executives. Although Washington, indeed, vetoed only two bills, and Lincoln three, Grant vetoed forty-three, and Cleveland, in his first term alone, vetoed three hundred and one.

ABOUT the biggest thing of the new century's opening was the problem of signaling to the people of Mars. One imaginative scientist thought he received a message from the people in that far-away planet, and thousands and thousands of columns were printed showing how it might be possible to let the Martians know that there was another ball rolling around the sun and that it was having its joys and sorrows, its progress and its wars. But the whole sensation was short-lived.

In the matter of communication, it is important not so much to reach another planet, but to stimulate the district messenger boy and to improve the telephone service so that one need not spend all day hollowing in order to get a five-minutes' conversation.

THE courts have been busy of late trying to determine whether $100,000 or ten or twenty times that sum is necessary for the support of an American wife and her family, consisting of several children and a titled husband who has been trying to astonish the world by his performances with American millions. It seems that the titled husband is the one who needs the millions. At the same time the husband of another American heiress, while figuring in the bankruptcy courts of England, is traveling in private cars and buying thousand-dollar dogs in the United States. We sometimes get mad because European critics say unpleasant things about us. The wonder is that they do not say more. Of course the great—the very great—majority of plain, respectable Americans who are not snobs, and who have no sympathy with snobbery, must suffer and be silent.

It all goes to show what a lot of mischief a few fools can make.

A misspent life is sad and so is a misspent automobile.

On Discovering Geniuses

I WAS once present at a private concert at which a young man played one of his own compositions upon the piano. He had great genius, but I did not know it, nor did any one else who was there. No one had told us. The young man's hair was of a mercantile cut, his eyes were not dark and deep set, and they did not snap with the immortal fire. He did not assault the keys, nor did he go into any calisthenic frenzies as he played. We all knew that he had come from a little town in the interior of the State. How could the fashionable folk, or even the people who were not fashionable, know that they were in the presence of a genius? He pleased us very well with his piano playing and the applause lasted almost until he had taken his manuscript from the rack; but we were all impatient to listen to the great and only X——, and when he played in his inimitable way the applause was loud and long continued.

Now I contend that many of us who were there would have walked blocks on our knees to hear the young man if we had known beyond a doubt that he was a genius and a famous one.

Last night I heard this same young man, three years older and with a European reputation fresh upon him. He appeared at a fashionable concert and he played the same thing that he had rendered at the private concert—but now we knew that he and it were great, and oh! how beautiful it sounded! The cue had been given and had been taken, and the women arose *en masse* and actually buzzaed for him. By the advice of his manager his hair had been allowed to grow to the artistic length, but that was the only concession that he had made to his genius.

His style was still quiet, but oh! how the people enjoyed his enchanting music now that they knew that it was enchanting. There are few people who are not willing to be enchanted by music if the hint is given in time, and I could not be thankful enough that I knew he was a great composer and pianist, and I wished that I had known it three years ago, for I was just in the mood for enchanting music that first evening.

It is a thousand pities that we men and women are so constituted that we cannot recognize genius at sight. Think of the dead and gone audiences that heard Shakespeare's plays when he was alive without ever imagining that they sat in the presence of genius. If some one had said to them with all-compelling authority: "Here is the pet of the ages to come, the brightest star in England, if not in the world. Drink in his words, call him out when he comes before you as the ghost in Hamlet, for you shall never look on his like again when he is gone"—if such a proclamation had been made and believed, the Globe Theatre would never have sufficed to hold one-tenth of those who would have crowded to see him and hear his plays.

Every few years a new poet, a new artist, a new composer, a new novelist rises up unknown among us, and the neglected artist of to-day becomes the madly acclaimed favorite of the next decade.

Of course it is always possible for us to say, "Yes, I heard him sing, or I saw his work before he had any name at all, and I said, 'That young man is a genius if ever there was one;'" but most of us are drawing on our imaginations when we say it.

Now and again we have with us a young and enthusiastic critic who says of this man, "Watch him; he has the divine fire," but we do not believe him; we set it down to youth and inexperience, and usually we are right. But it sometimes befalls that there is a prescient critic who is not afraid of being laughed at by the older generation and he prophesies of this artist or that composer or novelist, and his prophecies come true. And all the time we have not realized that the reason why he knew what we did not know was because he was a great critic. His greatness and that of the men he discovered in various walks of art will be a thrice-told tale to the generations to come, but we, his contemporaries who are blind, do not know it, nor shall we for many years to come.

It would not do for each man to turn critic and prophet, for the prodigies that he would most likely discover would need to live a Methuselah's span of years to merit his praise.

But if you who read these lines have the gifts of discernment and prophecy, pray tell us less favored mortals who they are who really deserve our enthusiasm, that we may be among the discoverers and not suffer our plaudits to come too late.

Our metaphors are strangely mixed. For instance, when a man feels as if he were going up in a balloon he is generally falling in love.

Men Who Make Fortunes for Others

IN A recent sketch of Professor Elisha Gray the opening sentences have a curious interest. They are as follows: "Professor Elisha Gray was reckoned one of the three foremost inventors of the century. At sixty three, however, in spite of a brain which had made many men millionaires he found himself a poor man."

Not many months ago there died in a Southern city the inventor of the typesetting machine which is now in use in nearly all the newspaper offices in the world. Among the things he left behind was a pamphlet bitterly complaining about the treatment he had received in regard to his invention, and expressly in reference to the charge that there was a disposition to drop his name from the machinery, and thus to rob him of his reputation as an inventor.

It happened that both of these men were kind and charitable. Professor Gray was a man of wonderfully sympathetic nature and was always eager to do something for others. It is related that on Christmas Day when he saw a number of poor people whom he could not help, as he had spent all his money, he could not restrain his tears. He cried in pure sympathy with the poor people of misfortune.

For years it has been said that the inventor was always cheated; that he did not get the full benefit of his brains, and that speculators made the fortunes which should have been his. To a certain degree this has been true; but there are many exceptions to the rule. The modern inventor is generally a good business man who gets at least a reasonable return for his happy ideas. Within the past twelve months at least a dozen inventors have died leaving large fortunes to their families. Of course the few who have not the business sense, or who are so unfortunate as to get into the hands of men who take advantage of their business inexperience, make every one extremely sorry for them.

But it is nevertheless true that in these modern days the creators either of machinery or of literature have larger opportunities and surer rewards than at any time in the whole history of the world.

Of all forms of enterprise dishonesty pays the shortest dividends.

Urban Living; Suburban Loving

URBAN living, and suburban loving—the growth of the population of the cities and the increase of the love for the country—apparently contradictory, all this; and yet it is a fact: a fact full of interest, and weighty in its possible influences on the national mind.

With the past few years there has been a vast increase in our city population; a mighty tide has set in that has swept and is sweeping multitudes to the busy haunts of mankind. The towering sky-scrapers, the clanging street cars, the rush and stir and bustle of mighty throngs, the crowded sidewalks, the great shops, the houses close-set, or the homes placed in layers in great apartment buildings—all these have exercised a tremendous fascination.

Were this the only feature of the situation it would be ominous; it would presage a harsh, hard type of life; it would threaten a change of our national character into something that cared for dollars only, that would gradually lose its sense of the finer parts of life, that would gauge everything by a cold standard of brick and mortar, that would no longer count life by heart-beats, but by clangs of the car-gong or clicks of the stock-ticker.

But fortunately, most fortunately, all this is not the case.

With the closer penning into narrow homes, with the massing environment of crowds, with the sharper demands of business, there has come a deeper and profounder love for the country and for its beauties.

The countless thousands who annually rush to the mountains or the fields to pluck wild flowers, to absorb the scenic beauties of Nature's masterpieces, to walk, drive, climb; the countless thousands who annually throng the seashore to breathe the salt air, to bathe in the salt surf, and to look out over the illimitable expanse of the ocean—all this shows unmistakably a growth of love for natural beauty, and points unerringly to a broadening of the horizon of the national mind and a tender deepening of the national heart.

Bicycling gave country love an impetus; and now, partly as a cause and partly as an effect of that growing love, comes the ever broader extension of trolley lines to the suburbs of the cities and from town to town.

More people than ever before are securing country homes, more than ever before plan country vacations. In some of the larger cities street after street is practically deserted during the summer, and in all cities great throngs crowd the railway trains at the end of each week.

Books on the country, on trees and flowers, on mosses and ferns, are becoming more and more popular. It was rare a few years ago to find a person who knew one tree from another, and few knew more than half a dozen flowers. Now, on the piazza of every country hotel, there are always Nature-book students to be seen, and the summer boarder is no longer satisfied unless he can name every plant and tree that he meets in his rambles.

Hon. Pedro Perea

"Publick Occurrences"

Mr. Wilson in his address began by saying that although the population had increased from 59,620 in 1890 to 122,931 in 1900, it was even more than the figures indicated, because the enumerators did not have time to get over the Territory.

Surely those figures show an enormous gain. But that really was not the most interesting or the most wonderful demonstration

"As to the internal wealth of the country," said Mr Wilson, "we have a mining belt there running from Utah and Nevada in the northwest to Mexico in the southeast That belt is 437 miles in length, with an average width of about 100 miles. The acreage area of the mineral lands in the Territory is nearly 30,000,000 acres, and although but few of the mines have been yet opened, the output from the copper, gold and silver mines is nearly $40,000,000 a year, while the bulk of that great belt is hardly scratched. The output of these mines now in operation in a few years would buy almost every acre of land in any agricultural State, and yet we are only beginning to open that vast area of minerals

"Then as to the grazing industry. The receipts are nearly $2,000,000 a year in Salt River Valley. The aggregate acreage now in cultivation in the Territory is nearly 1,000,000 acres, and the amount of agricultural land in the Territory which may be put in cultivation is nearly 10,000,000 acres, equal to the agricultural domain of the State of Iowa The average profit of agriculture in Salt River Valley amounts to from $36 to $140 an acre, which is more than any Eastern State can show. The alfalfa crop pays nearly $36 an acre, and there is one almond orchard near Mason City which pays the owner over $100 an acre every year

"Then take the cantaloup crop. That is marvelous, paying an average of about $100 an acre when properly cared for We are growing everything, from tropical fruits to Indian corn."

Governor Murphy supplemented these figures by other statements and statistics. "It is my belief," he said, "that Arizona will very soon be one of the wealthiest mining States in the Union," and he declared that the Territory had more people and more money than twenty three of the States had when they were admitted to the Union

There is another boast which Arizona makes, and that is that it is about the best-educated State in the country.

The Wonders of Beautiful Land

Oklahoma means Beautiful Land. It is easily one of the wonderful sections of our wonderful country. Only a dozen years ago it was given up to the Indians and formed a part of the Indian Territory; but on April 22, 1889, it was opened to settlement by the proclamation of President Harrison, and in one day 50,000 people rushed upon it. The same day a national bank was opened and its modern history began

Behold the contrast since that time!

The census of 1900 shows a population of 398,245, and in addition there were 5927 Indians not taxed. So here we have a great State springing from practically nothing to a population of over 400,000 within one decade

That does not begin to tell the story

The taxable value of the land is now nearly $100,000,000. Within two years four great grain and cotton crops have enriched the State, and the deposits in the banks have increased more than one hundred per cent.

The people have built eight hundred churches and established nearly two hundred newspapers

The population is described as a superior one, thoroughly American and progressive in its enterprises. The beauty of the country is drawing more and more people to its confines It has an average elevation of 1500 feet; its climate is delightful, and to quote a recent writer who visited the country, "It is not an unusual thing for a wheat farmer in Oklahoma at the close of a good season to realize enough money from the sale of his product to more than cover the entire value of his farm and the improvements upon it."

It was considered that cotton would not grow north of Texas. During the past year Oklahoma's cotton crop brought nearly $6,000,000 to her people.

To Unite Two Territories

There are two propositions regarding the admission of Oklahoma to Statehood.

The first is to admit the Territory as it now exists. There would be abundant reason for this, not only because of its large population and wealth, but because of its size, which equals the combined area of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Delaware.

There is, however, a scheme to unite Oklahoma and the Indian Territory and to form them into one State. This would give a population of nearly 800,000, and would make one of the greatest States in the Union. Conventions have been held looking to this end, and Congress has been approached upon the proposition.

Governor Barnes has expressed it as follows: "With the Indian Territory and Oklahoma combined in one State we would have resources equal to any of the great States surrounding us. With the vast coal fields, mountains of zinc and lead, great forests of pine, walnut and other valuable timber, and the oil and gas of the Indian Territory added to the magnificent agricultural and grazing country of Oklahoma, a State could be created capable of the support and maintenance of a State organization without becoming a burden upon the people. We recognize the fact that the lands of the Indian Territory will not be subject to taxation for years to come. In that respect, for a time, the expense would be more severe upon Oklahoma than the Indian Territory. Still, the latter Territory has large properties, valuable town-site properties and great railroad properties."

Hon. J. F. Wilson

Changing the Indians' Government

This brings us to the future of the Indian Territory. Three-fourths of the people are white, and the rest—of mixed and Indian blood—are opposed to Statehood.

At the present time a commission appointed by the Government is at work settling up the affairs of the Indians. For years the Government's representatives have been at work trying to persuade the Indians to give up their tribal governments, and now there is a prospect that it may be successful. When it is done the Indians will have enough money to keep them in comfort as long as they live, for the lands are valuable and will bring high prices

There are five of these tribes which have stood out against the Government—the Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, the Creeks and the Seminoles.

An idea of what will be coming to these former savages can be had from this statement made by one of the officers of the Government: "In the Cherokee Nation every Indian citizen will get 120 acres of land of average value; in the Creek Nation every citizen will get between 160 and 900 acres of average-valued land; in the Seminole and Choctaw Nations they will get 500 acres per head. All of this land is either of fine agricultural, mining or grazing quality. It can be rented for enough to keep every Indian without work. The invested funds of the Indians, to be paid them when the land is all allotted, will be sufficient to give them a start, if they have no cash."

It may be, of course, that the amalgamation will never take place, and that instead of having one State we shall have two. There is no doubt as to the size and richness of the Indian Territory or as to its capacity for Statehood when it is further developed

New Mexico's Good Chances

For a number of years New Mexico has been applying for Statehood, and the desire is more positive and the outlook more promising than it has ever been.

It was organized as a Territory in 1850, many years before either Arizona or Alaska or Oklahoma, and at that time efforts were made to secure its admission as a State. Later, a bill passed both Houses of Congress, but did not become a law

The new census gives the population as 195,310, an increase of over 40,000 within the ten years.

In altitude it is one of the highest of all sections of this country, and its future depends largely upon irrigation. It has great wealth in precious minerals, and among its industries is stock-raising, from which much is expected in the future. It also has coal, and the future of the State is not to be doubted for a moment.

Thousands of people flock there every year on account of its dry climate, and it has a large number of important health resorts

In its population are many persons of Mexican and Spanish origin, and for a long time the proceedings of its legislature were printed in both English and Spanish. One of the main objections to the admission of New Mexico has been the large proportion of Mexicans; but in the course of time they have become good Americans, and the objection is not pressed as it once was. For instance, the territorial delegate from New Mexico, Hon. Pedro Perea, was himself of Spanish blood but he was educated in Eastern universities, and was, in addition to being a leading capitalist in farming and sheep raising, for a time President of the First National Bank of Santa Fe

The expectation is that any enabling act passed for either Arizona, Oklahoma or New Mexico will practically comprise all of them, so that three Territories may become States together. And Indian Territory, if it does not amalgamate with Oklahoma, will follow later

Three New Stars for the Flag

Both the great political parties in their latest platforms promised absolutely that they would give immediate Statehood and home rule to the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma. But platform pledges are not always carried out on schedule time. After the election is over there ensues a long period of forgetfulness, not to mention the fact that in Congressional legislation the avalanche of bills gives the Territories a very slim opportunity for fighting their way into the Union of States

At the same time it is absolutely certain that three great Territories will soon add three new stars to the flag.

In Territories we have a very interesting variety. In addition to New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma we have the Indian, which, however, has no organized territorial government, the District of Columbia, which has no vote, the District of Alaska, which has no representation in Congress, and finally Hawaii, which has the honor of a territorial delegate to the House of Representatives who draws more money in salary and mileage—largely in mileage—than any other member of either branch of Congress.

Just what relation our new possessions shall have toward us or what relation we shall maintain toward them is a question that depends mainly upon the decision of the Supreme Court.

Since 1888 North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming and Utah have all become States, and the predictions made for them as to growth and population, resources and wealth have been fully justified In some cases the increase has been a hundred per cent In every case the growth has been large.

In fact, the only Territories in this country admitted as States which have not shown great increases are Maine which was admitted in 1820, and Nevada, which was admitted in 1864, in order that President Lincoln might have the vote he needed in the United States Senate for the success of his war measures. During the past decade Maine gained only 30,000, while Nevada lost over 3000

The Great Area of the Territories

Few of us adequately appreciate the enormous amount of land in the United States represented by the three Territories destined for early Statehood. Only the figures can give one an idea of what it means. According to the latest statistics of the General Land Office the areas in square miles are as follows:

Arizona ...	[illegible]
New Mexico	[illegible]
Oklahoma .	[illegible]
	[illegible]

To realize fully what this means one has to remember that New York, our great Empire State, has 53,719 square miles so that the three Territories make in land surface more than five New Yorks. In fact, New Mexico is larger than all New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland combined

In addition, we have the Indian Territory with its 31,154 square miles, which is as big as all of South Carolina, and about four times the size of New Jersey.

Inhabiting all the Territories are nearly two million people an increase of one hundred per cent. in ten years

The Claims of Arizona

Before the Senate Committee on Territories the other day Governor Murphy and Delegate Wilson made addresses on the bill to enable the people of Arizona to form a constitution and State government, and to be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Attorney-General James S. Harlan

Attorney-General Harlan's $25,000 Surprises

When President McKinley selected Mr. James S. Harlan, of Chicago, to be Attorney-General of Porto Rico, he named an able man. The success which has followed Mr. Harlan in the fifteen years in which he has practiced his profession in Chicago began with his first jury trial. The case was a replevin suit in the County Court. A large establishment in the city had failed just after buying from Mr. Harlan's client a big stock of merchandise. When Mr. Harlan brought suit to recover the value of the goods he found that the opposing lawyer was a brilliant leader at the bar. Though somewhat nonplussed at the thought of facing so able an antagonist, Mr Harlan handled his case with characteristic vigor

Several times during the progress of the trial he found himself nearly swamped because of his lack of experience in meeting some of the technical difficulties which arose. His opponent watched the young man's struggles and, several times when the latter seemed embarrassed, volunteered a kindly suggestion for his guidance in incidental technical situations. Finally, however, the lawyer for the defense began to show surprise at the masterful way in which young Harlan handled the case. Then, to the amusement of the onlookers, uneasiness and finally consternation followed the surprise. The old lawyer saw that the case was slipping from him. The jury returned a verdict in favor of Mr Harlan's client, and a judgment was entered against the defendants for the sum of $25,000! After this incident the old lawyer who had conducted the defense seemed to take particular delight in introducing young Harlan to his friends as "the man that gave me the worst licking I ever had!"

At another time Mr. Harlan secured a $25,000 verdict in a personal injury case. This case attracted no little attention from the reason that this was the highest judgment which had, at that time, been entered in a suit of that kind

Mr. Harlan is a fine type of the college athlete. While attending college at Yale he was at one time captain of the baseball team and at another time played the position of half back on the gridiron. He is a son of Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and a brother of Mr John M Harlan, a leader in independent municipal politics in Chicago

Why the President Held the Train

This new story with the President of the United States as the central figure is interesting as illustrative of the fact that a man may be great and much occupied without forgetting to be thoughtful.

About two years ago Mr. McKinley made a Western trip that took him across the State of Iowa. Late one very cold and blustery afternoon, when the Presidential train was scudding across the prairies toward Burlington, a messenger from the President came into the car in which General Managers Howard Elliott and William Brown were sitting He said that Mr. McKinley had decided to change the course of his journey somewhat so as to stop off for a few minutes at the town of Mt. Pleasant. It was the home of Mr. James Harlan, once a Senator of the United States.

Somebody reminded somebody else that the train was already late, that there was a large crowd waiting in the cold at Burlington, and that, still farther on, General Shafter and a large gathering were waiting at the town of Galesburg, Illinois. But the President's mind was made up, and the delay followed. Mr. McKinley and members of his Cabinet called on the old and almost forgotten statesman

Senator Harlan was a friend of Lincoln, was once Secretary of the Interior, and for years was Senator from Iowa. He was one of the strong Administration men in the troubled period of the early sixties—all of which the thoughtful President remembered. So the crowds at other towns waited until well along into the night because a statesman of the moment felt it a sort of simple duty to pay his respects to a man who had helped to illuminate another period.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton as a Modiste

In resigning her commission as a United States Army surgeon, Dr. Anita N. McGee voluntarily gives up the honor of being the only woman in the country commissioned as an Army officer. Doctor McGee practices medicine in Washington, and at the outbreak of the war with Spain, when she offered her services, she received a commission and was stationed in the Surgeon-General's office, in charge of nurses.

Since early girlhood she has shown individuality as to matters of form and conventionality. When, as Miss Newcomb, she was making preparations for her marriage with Mr. McGee, she was anxious that her wedding dress should be something different from the commonplace, conventional affair of white satin and long veil. She appealed for help to her friend, Mr. Frank R Stockton, who at once set to work to design something for the occasion. The result was a combination of Nile green and shrimp pink which made the bride look as though she had just stepped out of Patience

Then Miss Newcomb wanted something unique in the way of a wedding trip—something quite out of the ordinary, it should be—and again Mr. Stockton came to her help and invented one for her. The result was, that as soon as the ceremony was well over, and congratulations and good wishes had been offered, the family all left the house and the bride and groom stayed home

Aside from her medical practice, Doctor McGee is a student of history and sociology, an authority on the communistic societies of this country, and vice-president of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Rear-Admiral Francis T. Bowles

The Independence of Mr. Bowles

Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles, of the New York Navy Yard, has been chosen by President McKinley to be Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, of the Navy Department, to succeed Rear-Admiral Hichborn, who is to retire on March 4

By virtue of the position Mr Bowles will become a Rear-Admiral, and he will be the youngest officer to hold the rank of Rear-Admiral in the United States service

Mr. Bowles was born in Massachusetts in 1848, and is of an old New England family. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1875 and paid especial attention to the work of naval construction. In the last year of his course he applied for permission to attend the School of Naval Architecture at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich England, and the Secretary of the Navy secured permission from the English Government for Mr. Bowles and a classmate to take the three years' course there.

Returning to the United States in 1882, Mr. Bowles was appointed Secretary of the Naval Advisory Board. For four years he held the position, and was an ardent advocate of the new ideas in naval construction that have made the strength of what is termed our New Navy

In 1886 he was made Naval Constructor at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and in 1895 was detailed as Chief Naval Constructor at the New York Navy Yard—or the Brooklyn Navy Yard, as it was then termed

During his career he has not only superintended the construction of battleships, but an interesting fact is that during the Spanish War he personally superintended the fitting out of nearly fifty auxiliary cruisers

He also had complete charge of fitting out the Hospital Ship "Relief;" and those who, like the writer of this, were on board of that ship during the war, as well as on board of some of the other hospital ships that brought sick and wounded back to this country, will consider the fitting out of the "Relief" as Mr. Bowles' most praiseworthy achievement

Mr. Bowles was the principal mover in the organization of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, and he has always been one of its most active members.

He is a low-voiced, mild mannered man, but is a strict disciplinarian. Both at Norfolk and New York he has shown a determination to have only capable men under his charge. He has made it a point of honor to relieve the service of men who depended on political "pulls" instead of on capability, and has thus made enemies.

Charges of "offensive partisanship" were made against Mr. Bowles a few years ago, and an investigation was held

He conducted his own defense at the inquiry, and, cross examining a leading political light of Brooklyn, one of whose incapable satellites he had dismissed, he said

"Now, so far as you know, wasn't every act of mine for the good of the United States?"

"Yes," blurted out the politician, who had been flustered by Mr. Bowles' quietly polite manner; "yes, but you didn't do a single thing I asked you!"

After the investigation Mr Bowles stood higher than ever in the estimation of his superiors

While at Norfolk charges of "offensive partisanship" were made against him for discharging a number of men whom he deemed inefficient, and several leading Republicans went to Washington and demanded his removal on the ground that he had shown undue favoritism to Democrats

One day, one of the most prominent Democratic leaders of the district met Mr Bowles and said with a smile:

By the way, Mr. Bowles, I see that the Republicans have been trying to have you discharged for favoring us Democrats." (The smile grew broader.) "Now I don't mind telling you, under such circumstances, that I've been three times to Secretary Whitney myself to request your dismissal for showing undue favoritism to Republicans."

A Free Show for Mr. Davenport

Mr. Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, when in Paris recently, met with several cases of attempted extortion. He is extremely generous, as all his friends know, but the attempts to extort angered him

"And so," he says, "I got into the way of asking the clerk of the hotel to make out a list for me when I was going out, showing just what I should pay for everything for the trip, and it worked like a charm. Well, one evening Mrs. Davenport and I were going to a theatre and I handed the clerk a card and asked him to write my expenses on it

"Well, that day a man whom I had been trying to meet for years had called at the hotel to see me. I was out and so he left a card for me. It was the card of one of the attachés of the American Legation and written across it were the words: 'Introducing Mr. X——.'

"When the hotel clerk handed the card back to me with his memorandums—cab fare so much, two seats so much and all that—I saw it was the attaché's card introducing Mr X I was sorry, but it was too late to help it

"Well, off we drove to the theatre. I paid the cabman as per card. He made as if he wanted four times as much, but there was the clerk's word for it! Then we went into the theatre and I shoved the card at them through a hole in the wall and said, 'I want two of those seats. They looked as if they didn't understand me—there were three of them—although I said it in my very best American. Then they all sort o' bowed, and one of them slid out through a door, taking the card with him

"We waited a long while and heard the music banging away and knew we were losing the performance by the mile In about fifteen minutes it came to me that perhaps they thought I was Mr. X——, introduced by the attaché. I poked my face up to the hole in the wall. 'Say,' I said, 'I'm not Mr. X——. I just want two of those tickets, and I want to pay for them.'

"Well, they bowed and grinned but didn't do anything and in a few minutes the other fellow—a big, fat chap he was—came bustling along the vestibule and grinned and bowed up to me, and motioned me to follow him inside. 'Now, see here,' I said. 'If you think I'm Mr. X——'

"'Home,' said Mrs. Davenport, 'if he insists, don't let's make a scene out here.'

"Well, that man bowed us into a big gold plated box and turned out half a dozen people to make way for us. And it made me mad that he wouldn't understand. 'Now, you see here,' I said; 'I'm not Mr. X——. I just want two of those seats, out over there, and I want to pay for them, too. Understand?'

"The audience soon began to notice that something was up, and people stood and craned their necks, and Mrs Davenport said: 'Home, if he insists, just let's keep the box. We're missing the show.

"Well, we stayed there, and every little while in popped some funny chap, that couldn't speak American, with some kind of refreshments. And my trying to explain didn't do any good. And Mrs. Davenport would say: 'Home, if they insist just let's take it quietly.' And we did

"When the show was all over, the fat fellow, bowing and grinning, ushered us out and found a cab for us and off we went. 'I'm not Mr. X——' were my last words, but he just bowed more than ever. And Mrs. Davenport said: 'Home, don't let's make a scene.'

"Well, next day I hunted up that attaché. I told him all that had happened and said: 'Now, I just want you to give me a handful of your cards, for I'm going to be here for some days and they'll be mighty useful—and will they work as well in other parts of Europe, too?'

Well, he just howled. 'Why,' he said, 'I sent in my card there the day before yesterday and asked for a pass, and they turned me down!

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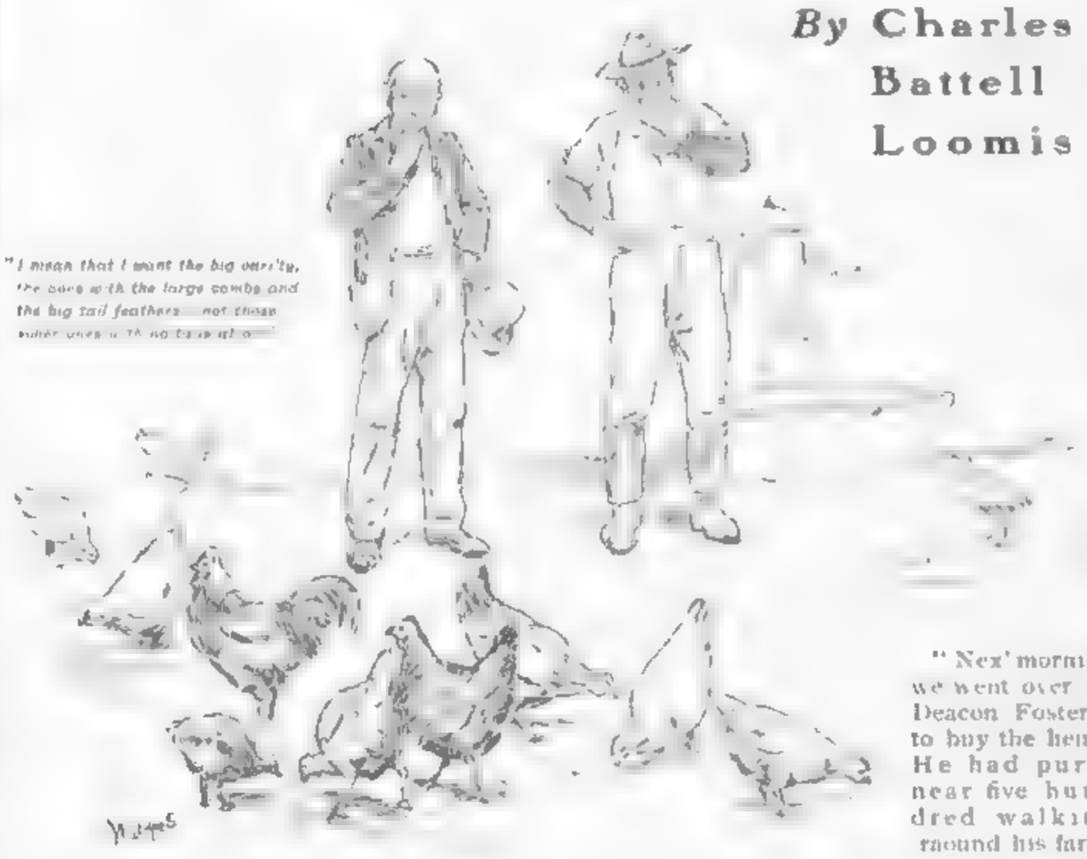
'Lon Snow's Peculiar Flock

By Charles Battell Loomis


"I mean that I want the big vari'ty, the ones with the large combs and the big tail feathers—not those sober ones with no tails at all.

IT WAS on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Giles and Hannah Baker that Sile Andrews told about the poultry experience of his city cousin, 'Lon Snow

The "women folks" were visiting with sweet old Mrs. Baker in the south parlor, and the men were all assembled with Giles in the north parlor before a good old-fashioned open fire, for it was a frosty November night.

The talk had fallen on the knack that some people have with hens, while others, try as they may, never seem to be able to do anything with them.

"I never bothered with 'em myself," said Giles. "Mother's had 'em an' got tired of 'em, an' had 'em ag'in, but never seemed to me as if they was wuth their keep. When eggs are high they won't lay."

"That's the trouble 'Lon Snow had," said Sile Andrews, throwing the core of an apple he had been eating into the fire. "Never here 'baout my cousin 'Lon?" said he, turning to me.

I was glad to be able to say I had not, for it meant a new story from Mr. Andrews, and I knew from experience that he had what the critics call a "good sense of selection."

He leaned forward and rested his chin on his hand and said

"Well, 'Lon Snow was born an' brought up in the city, which was a misfortune to start with, an' besides that he hadn't no more sense of humor 'an a hen——"

"An' he was all-fired pig-headed, too," put in Sam Barlow.

"Well, I'm comin' to that. When he got 'baout forty year old the doctor told him he'd got to stop workin' in an office an' go into the country to live or he'd peg aout in a short time. So he wrote to ask ef he could visit us fer a spell an' I wrote back 'Come on', an' he come.

'When he got to the haouse he was the whitest, mos' pindlin lookin' man I ever see. Looked as if he'd slump into himself ef the wind changed sudden. He moped araound the haouse a few days an' talked crops ter me at meal times an' in the evenin' until I wisht I'd never took up farmin'. Gosh, it was awful ter hear his views. Finally he said that the idleness was killin' him an' he wanted to take up farmin'. I choked daown my feelin' an' said he warn't built fer heavy farmin', but mebbe he might do a little hen business. Then Mis' Andrews, she got talkin' to him. I kep' my maouth shet fer I knew he couldn't l'arn from me, but Ma filled him up good on the proper food an' he nodded his head, very wise, 'as he knew it all but was glad to have her freshen up his memory. He wanted to go right aout an' buy some hens that night. Thought a hundred would do fer a starter. But Ma tol' him that fifteen to twenty was all he could manage at the start an' he finally agreed. 'What sort'll you keep, Plymouth Rocks or Braown Legg'ns?' says she, an' I could see by the way he hesitated an' at last said, 'Braown Leggings,' very distinct that he didn't know anything whatever 'baout hens.

"Next mornin' we went over to Deacon Foster's to buy the hens. He had purt' near five hundred walkin' raound his farm on Redtop. They did look mighty slick an 'Lon was ticked to death with 'em. He asks the old deacon haow much he'd charge apiece and the deacon says, 'Seventy five cents.' 'That's reasonable,' said 'Lon, though he didn't know if it was or not. Then he looked 'raound with a critterkal eye an' he says:

'By the way, I on'y want the ones with fine feathers. I never cared fer the little sober ones.'

What do you mean?' said the deacon

'I mean,' says 'Lon with all the dignity that a city man could git on to him, 'that I want the big vari'ty, the ones with the large combs and the big tail feathers; not those sober ones with no tails at all. I'm go'n' aboaut this thing the right way an' I might as well have good hens as poor ones.'

"Well, the deacon, he stepped behind the barn door to conceal his leelin's, which was paowerful at the time, an' when he comes aout he was as sober lookin' as 'Lon. 'All right,' says he, 'but I'll tell you honest, it's the little ones at 11 lay the most eggs.'

"But 'Lon couldn't be changed. He was go'n' in fer looks, he said, an' anyhow he guessed he'd make 'em lay if any one could. 'I don't daoubt it,' says the deacon with a cheerful smile, 'but ef you're go'n' to take the pick of the flock I'll hev to charge ye a dollar apiece.' 'Lon warn't no way small, an' he agreed to the terms an' arranged to come at night an' git 'em.'

"I remember 'em," said Barlow. "As purty a flock as I ever see with their high steppin' ways. I used to go up an' tell your cousin that he ought to exhibit 'em at Merwinton Fair an' he said he guessed he would. On'y fault he found with 'em was they was quar'lsome an' slow to git to layin'. I says: 'Ef the redness of the comb is any sign you oughter hev eggs purty soon.'

"Well," resumed Sile, "he never suspected nothin', but went to feedin' 'em fer eggs accordin' as Ma had told him the fust night. She said it was a shame not to tell him what kind of hens they was, but I argied that it kep' him busy aout er doors an' that's what he needed. He didn' need eggs any more'n a hen needs teeth."

"Didn't he ever find out?" I asked, seeing that there was a move in the other room that suggested a breaking up of the gathering.

"Well, matters went on fer 'baout three or four weeks, an' then one mornin' in May, when eggs was so plentiful that they was usin' 'em to stone cats with, he comes into the barn where I was sharpenin' my ax on the grin'stun an' he says: 'Funny my hens don't ever go near their nests. An' they're quar'lin' all the time.'

"Then I says: ''Lon,' says I, 'some folks never *can* l'arn anythin' arter they're growed up, an' you're one of 'em. You was dead set on gittin' that breed although the deacon told ye the small ones was the best fer eggs. Naow the city's a good place ter live in fer a *few* things but you don't l'arn everything ther'. Some country folks hev one rooster to a flock an' some don't hev any, but your city notion of hevin' *every one* a rooster ain't conducive to eggs!'"

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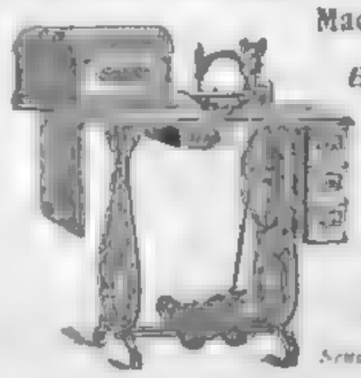

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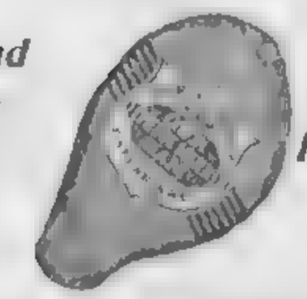

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I HAVE tried to find some comfort lately in the thought that "every human feeling is greater and larger than its exciting cause," and that therefore this uneasy sensation of mine, which amounts to downright fear, may really be much greater than its exciting cause warrants, which is that newspaper clipping received on New Year's morning. Henry Ward Beecher thought that fear is the soul's signal for rallying," and if so my soul's signal has kept me in a state of trepidation for ten days or more, and I have been deadly afraid lest my fashionable friends should see my trepidation and perhaps know the cause, and that I might get a "name and fame," which some one says "can happen but to few."

I have toiled ever faithfully here in Washington for both name and fame, and it is a fatiguing trade at best. I have always heard that "no one can ever get a reputation and then go to bed;" one must toil on and on; but I am not so sure about it. I may throw up my whole trade in fame and go to bed and draw the covers well up over my head.

I had determined, after thinking over the whole situation, to observe silence, which is the highest wisdom of others besides fools, but the very day after the New Year's reception I noticed that Robert seemed hurried and preoccupied, and when he was starting for the Capitol (for it was the day of the reassembling of Congress) I reminded him that we were dining at the White House that night, it being the first State dinner. Robert startled me by saying

"Well, Agatha, I may have a telegram that will take me to Spruce City any minute."

"Spruce City!" I echoed with every soul's signal showing in my voice. "But, Robert a dinner invitation to the White House is almost a mandate. You can't— "

"But, Agatha," interrupted Robert impatiently, "a caucus in Spruce City is more of a mandate."

"Why I thought you were all right with the caucus and that the Legislature was practically pledged."

"It is, or it was, but there's something brewing and I ought to be on the ground. I am expecting a wire."

Robert seemed as though he wished to say something else. He said finally, rather haltingly

"I've been wondering, Agatha, if we've not been overdoing this social racket in Washington"

"What do you mean?" queried I with faint voice

"Fact is Agatha, I've got hold of the idea that there's been some gossip about us I've had an——"

"An anonymous letter," supplied I grimly

"How did you know?" asked Robert in wonder.

"With a newspaper clipping in it?" continued I

"Good Heavens! yes," he ejaculated

"Is yours like this?" asked I, handing out my viperous missive.

"Yes," he said, running his eye over it and frowning angrily; "only mine is more so, more violent. It attacks us both. I left it in my desk up at the House. My concern is that the Flapjack may try to make capital out of it just now, and no matter how much I might go about carrying a headlight of honesty and worth, not one ray of it would illumine the crooked path of that confounded paper. If we could keep this abominable lie out of the Flapjack for a few days, just now, it

See here, Robert," said I, taking him by the sleeve and half shutting my eyes the better to see the sudden light that flashed through my brain; "you go straight and telegraph to Jim Podgers to send his most acute and trusty man to the Flapjack office; tell him to keep him there day and night on some pretext or another till you can get to Spruce City, and at the first hint or sign of this or a similar article being printed in it to get the story suppressed. He will have to keep several men constantly alert in order to do this and it will cost us money, but there is no other way. It must be done, and whoever is sent to the Flapjack must be sharp. You must not spare words or money in your telegram to Jim Podgers. He must understand that no article is to appear in the Flapjack, even though it cost a fortune to suppress it. To-night at the close of the State dinner you will go straight from the White House to the station and take the through train at midnight for Spruce City One of the footmen will meet you at the station with your bag. Any telegram from Jim Podgers must be addressed here to me, as it will be day after to-morrow before you can land in Spruce City. Do you understand the plan, Robert?"

I had spoken almost without a breath, for I knew that there was no time to lose, that any one with only a half-volition goes backward rather than forward, and that the Robert John Slocums could not take one backward step just now. Robert thought a moment, then said.

"Yes; we might stave off this article for a few days that way, until I could get there. But suppose it has already been in print? You see we are three days away from Spruce City."

"Then we will meet that in some other way when we find it out, and we'll find it out to-day by wire," said I with determination.

Robert said

"Go get your bonnet and shawl and come out with me to the Capitol, Agatha."

All outside garments were still bonnet and shawl with Robert, and whenever he invited me to get mine, which I had not possessed within the memory of modern man, I always felt as though I had just stepped out from the covers of the Ladies' Keepsake of 1830

I made a hurried toilet and we drove to the Capitol. After we had stopped at a Western Union office and had, between us, sent off the longest message I had ever had to do with, I told Robert the whole story of my many encounters with Mr. X—— and his attentions to me, the meaning of which was to win me if possible to lobbying against the Shipping bill in the Senate. Robert set his teeth for a moment and I expected a tirade upon my ambition to be hand and glove with the foreign smart set, but to my surprise it was not forthcoming. He asked

This Mr. X—— belongs to one of the Legations or Embassies, then?"

No; Mr. Morelos says not."

"But he is received and welcomed among them and they countenance him?"

I thought a moment, not quite seeing the drift

"Why, come to think of it, Robert, although I met him at a foreign house no one there seemed to know who he was. Even Mr. Morelos, who knows everything, did not know his nationality

Robert said nothing more. When we reached the Capitol we hunted up Senator P——. He was our sheet-anchor in all our political muddles and I relied on his judgment as upon that of no other being—save my own omnipotent self

We found him in his luxurious committee-room, one of the gorgeous rooms of marble, plate glass, Persian rugs, velvet tufted furniture and open, glowing fire; the room was practically empty, for the returning Senate committees were as slow and reluctant about getting down to work after the holiday recess as any school of boys would have been. The Senator had decidedly a lonely, bored appearance in that big room. As we shook hands with him I saw his face light up with pleasure. I said banteringly:

"I am going to emulate Sidney Smith, Senator P——. He once gave a lady twenty two receipts against melancholy; they were——"

"Hold!" cried the Senator in comic dismay Then he said smilingly

"Truth is, Mrs. Slocum, I feel a good deal like that Alabama man who was mistaken for an Indianian."

"How is that?" I asked

"Well," he said dryly, "it is a peculiar trait among Indiana folk to suppose that anybody, to be worth anything, must come from that particular State, and once, at a convention at Saratoga, an Indiana circuit judge was introduced to a distinguished Alabama jurist whom no one seemed to know. By way of being pleasant, the Indianian said:

"'You appear, sir, to be an Indiana man.'

"The Alabamian looked at him an instant, pityingly, and said,

"'No, sah, I'm not an Indiana man, sah, but I've been rather broken up of late, sick and mean, and I don't wonder you made the mistake, sah!'

"That's the way I've felt lately, Mrs. Slocum, but I'm glad to be cheered up. What can I do for you?"

The Senator bustled about and gave an order for something to be sent up from the

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

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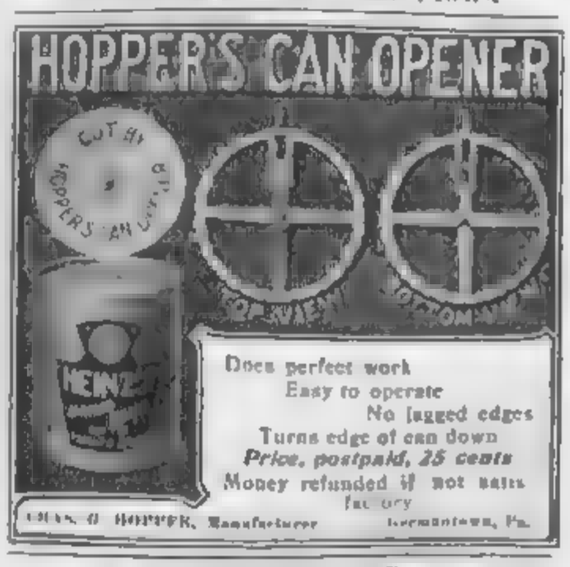

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café, and soon we had embarked upon our errand and were in the midst of our affairs. I had no sooner mentioned Mr. X—— than the Senator said quickly:

"I thought so! but tell me the whole of it. Who is this Mr. X——? He is, I suppose, connected with an Embassy or Legation?"

"Why do you and Robert both ask with such stress this one question? What difference would it make whether or not he is an attaché?"

"All the difference in the world. If he only represents some business interest in Europe, well and good; if any Legation or Embassy is conniving at it, it is another matter and would need investigation by the Senate."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated I, as another complicated vista opened before me. I hastened to add: "I am sure that he does not belong to any Legation or Embassy, for they none of them know anything about him, any more than I do."

"All the same," said Senator P——, "we'll make a little inquiry privately."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed I for the second time. "I never knew before that the Senate posed as a regulator of public conduct. I knew that individual members sometimes do so, and that at this present time one of your members has undertaken to become a censor of plays. But the whole Senatorial body as such is new to me. You ought to issue a Behavior Book. It would rival the Blue Book in popularity, I am sure. But you have all failed to regulate the Secretary of War!"

"Yes," laughed the Senator, "we cannot do anything with Root. I am bound to admit that I would not surrender that report if I were Root, yet as a member of the Senate I am bound to——"

"Well," said I, interrupting, "all I have got to say about this concern over public conduct is that it is nothing in the world but the 'old Adam' in the Senate 'trying to wash his face.'"

They both smiled at my emphasis and then Robert said, rising:

"Well, I must go over to the House and give notice of my intended absence and arrange my 'pairs.'"

"How do you vote on reapportionment?" asked the Senator with interest.

"I shall support the Burleigh bill," said Robert.

"As though the old House were not already as unwieldy as a hippopotamus!" said I contemptuously. Robert replied:

"But the country grows so enormously. What else are we to do? The House of Commons has seven hundred or more members."

After this we talked for a few minutes earnestly about our own affairs. Senator P—— volunteered to be general manager in Robert's absence and was to look in upon me every day or two till after the Legislature at Spruce City should either caucus Robert into the Senate or turn him down.

That night I thought the White House dinner would never end. It was a brilliant affair, all in pink from the carnations down to the bonbons and shades on the candles, but I might as well own up once for all that the Cabinet, in a concrete body and when out at dinner, are a dull lot! There is no use to blink the fact. I sat too far away at table from the one or two men of their number who are really witty and brilliant, and I had gone out to the table with only those ponderous individuals whom Shakespeare loved to call "fat-witted." You may fancy my plight. I felt that I was only half myself, for "the other half of man is his expression," and I had no expression or next to none the whole evening. I looked at Robert and knew that his plight was worse than mine. When it was over and Robert had gone to the station, I went home a wreck. I felt that I was fast sinking into a doddering, mumbling stage of old-womanism and worry. However, on reaching home I was considerably rejuvenated by a telegram from Jim Podgers stating that nothing had been printed in the Flapjack, but a hint had been thrown out that certain disclosures were to be made concerning a name that was shortly to come before the Legislature. The telegram wound up with the terse sentence:

"Will take care of the Flapjack."

During the week that followed, what with telegrams that passed between Robert and me and between Robert and Senator P——, the contents of which, in the latter case, I knew nothing, and the receptions, teas, dinners, dances, the Bachelors' German and the doings in both Senate and House, I felt that I was whirling like a Dervish and that the excitement of the motion was one that I could not maintain for long. Robert telegraphed at the end of ten days that Spruce City was like two hostile camps, that the Flapjack had not piped a note, that the caucus was on the eve of balloting and that he and his friends were in control. The tone was not only reassuring but was triumphant.

I was too restless to do anything except go to the Capitol and show this telegram to Senator P——. When he came up to the gallery for a few minutes, and before I could say a word, he announced with quiet positiveness:

"The fight is over. Your husband will be nominated on the first ballot, and that will amount to election."

"But how in the world can you know all this?" I exclaimed.

"I know it because—I know it!" he said enigmatically.

I stared at him. What influence, what freemasonry, what means had been at work? That Senator P—— had had some direct finger in manipulating the thing I was sure. And that the party outside our State had taken some hand in it, too, I was beginning to suspect. To what end? I was about to launch a torrent of questions when Senator P—— said, evidently meaning to switch me off:

"A telegram from Chandler has just been received saying: 'A railroad train has just run over me.'"

"And he's lost his seat?" I asked.

"Yes; to the regret of all of us."

"Who will keep Mr. Tillman in order?"

"That is what we are all wondering. Chandler is a remarkable man and has done yeoman service for his State. We shall miss his gibes and his wit. Whenever the Senate has threatened to become sluggish and dull, Chandler has always been ready to hurl a shaft of sarcasm at some fellow-Senator's armor, and if he could hit a weak point, as he generally could, he would laugh with Satanic glee; but he has generally veneered his sarcasm with a crust of good nature which has made his wit irresistible. I'm sorry to have Chandler go."

We sat a moment, looking down from the gallery to the busy chamber below, and just then Senator Carter crossed the yellow carpet. The Senator said:

"Tom Carter's a good fellow, too, and he's among the slain. He has been the best hand to untangle committee snarls and tempers that we've had here in my time. His smooth exterior covers a deal of strength."

"Well," said I, "there will be many changes down on that floor. Mr. Butler and Mr. Pettigrew will go, and I hear that a cloud threatens Mr. Foraker before long. But Mr. Cullom, despite the early uncertainty, has pulled through."

At the mention of Mr. Cullom the Senator said with a laugh:

"There was a funny discussion in the cloakroom a day or two ago over Senatorial politeness, and the men present were making comparisons between the two Illinois Senators, the spare Cullom and the rotund Mason. One man said:

"'Why, I saw Cullom get up in an avenue street car the other day and give his seat to a lady with all the grace and elegance of a Beau Brummel.'

"'Oh!' said another, 'I saw Billy Mason do a far more polite thing than that. I saw him get up in a car, with all the grace and elegance of a Brummel, and give his seat to two ladies.'"

The picture to my mind of Mr. Mason being ample enough to give seats to two ladies was so absurd I almost laughed aloud. Then I rose to leave the gallery for I had a round of official visits to make. When the gallery door swung behind Senator P—— and me I found suddenly that I was face to face with Mr. X——, that he was standing, hat in hand, awaiting my recognition. He must have seen me in the gallery. He was waiting for me. My impulse was to turn and run. My action was to present the two men.

Their faces were a study. Mr. X—— was all suavity as he made a courtly bow. Senator P—— was grim and short as he nodded his head curtly. I said at once:

"I must hurry away. My carriage is waiting and I have a long list to-day."

"But Madame will permit me?" said Mr. X——, following me toward the elevator.

I had no intention of traversing all those stone corridors with this foreigner and allowing him to call my carriage. I shot a swift appealing glance toward Senator P——. Before another word was spoken by any of us Senator P—— had coolly taken possession of the situation and of Mr. X——. As the elevator dropped out of sight with me I caught a broken-in-two glimpse of the two men going toward the marble stairway.

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How Our Early Presidents Entered Office

(Continued from Page 9)

flocked there in 1829 to witness his first inauguration. "I never saw such a crowd before," Webster wrote in the closing days of February. "Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." They surged through the streets shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!" and they swarmed about Gadsby's, where the General lodged, in such masses as completely to hem it in and make access to his presence nearly impossible. On inauguration day fully ten thousand people gathered about the eastern portico of the Capitol, which was to be used for the first time for these ceremonies; a ship's cable had to be stretched across the long flight of steps, about a third of the way from the top, to keep back the army of eager sightseers, and it was only with difficulty that the procession escorting the General (a band of Revolutionary veterans formed his bodyguard) was able to reach the Capitol.

Arriving there, the President-elect went first to the Senate Chamber, where the Chief Justice and other dignitaries joined him to proceed to the outdoor platform. When he appeared the shouts which greeted him seemed to shake the very ground. The ceremony ended, the General mounted his horse to proceed to the White House, and the whole crowd followed, its members striving who should first gain admission into the Executive Mansion, where, it was understood, refreshments were to be distributed. An abundance of food and drink had been supplied, including many barrels of orange punch. As the waiters opened the doors to bring out the punch in pails the crowd rushed upon them, upsetting the pails and breaking the glasses. The crush inside the house was so great that the distribution of refreshments was impossible, and tubs of orange punch were set out in the grounds to entice people from the rooms. Jackson himself was so pressed against the wall of the reception-room that he was protected from injury only by a number of his friends, who linked arms and formed a living barrier about him. Men with boots heavy with mud stood on the satin-covered chairs and sofas in their eagerness to get a view of their hero. Justice Story wrote that the crowd contained all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. "I never saw such a mixture," he added. "The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant." The ceremonies at Jackson's second inauguration were very like those at the first, save that the crowd was smaller and there was considerably less disorder.

Jackson was also the centre of interest at the inauguration of his successor, Van Buren, and it was through crowds of shouting, cheering admirers that the two rode from the White House to the Capitol and back again. A volunteer brigade of cavalry and infantry formed their escort, and they rode in a carriage made of wood from the frigate Constitution, presented by the Democrats of New York. Van Buren read his inaugural address from the eastern portico of the Capitol, and the oath was administered by Chief Justice Taney. Then President and ex-President returned to the White House, where for hours a surging tide of humanity swept past the new Chief Magistrate, congratulating him upon his inauguration. Two inaugural balls were given in the evening, the larger at Carusi's Saloon—not a drinking place, as the name might imply, but a large dancing-hall in which were held all the important social events of the period.

Log Cabins and Wild Enthusiasm

The inauguration of William Henry Harrison, in the year 1841, furnished another occasion for hero worship on an imposing scale. The unexampled enthusiasm of the campaign which had elected him was not all spent, and there was an intense desire to see the consummation of its purpose. Log cabins were brought to the capital for the occasion, and many of the campaign clubs came with their regalia and banners. A magnificent carriage, presented by the Whigs of Baltimore, had been especially provided for the new President's ride to the Capitol; but he declined to use it, and rode a spirited horse instead. At his right and slightly in his rear rode Major Hurst, who had been his aide at the Battle of the Thames. Colonel Todd, who had been an aide at the same battle, occupied a like position at his left. The procession which followed is described by John Quincy Adams in his Diary as a mixed military and civil cavalcade, with platoons of militia companies, Tippecanoe clubs, students of colleges, schoolboys, a handful of veterans who had fought under Harrison in the War of 1812, sundry banners and log cabins, and no carriages or showy dresses. The day was cold and bleak, with a chill wind blowing. Harrison stood for an hour exposed to this while delivering his inaugural address from the eastern portico of the Capitol. He again mounted his horse at its close, and the procession, forming anew, marched to the White House, loudly cheered as it passed by the waiting crowd. The President, on entering the White House, took his station in the reception-room. The waiting throng entered the front portal, passed through the vestibule into the reception-room, shook hands with the new Chief Magistrate, and then passed down the rear steps and out through the garden. There were three inauguration balls at night, the prices of admission to the different balls suiting different pockets. Harrison, despite the fatigues of the day, attended all three, but danced only at the official one.

Polk's installment in office four years later took place under stormy skies, for it rained steadily during the day of his inauguration. Unpleasant weather, however, did not prevent the assembling of the largest crowds yet seen at the Capitol on a like occasion, and the new President delivered his address from the portico to a wide, moving sea of umbrellas. Two balls were given in the evening. The select gathered at Carusi's, and Mrs. Polk, who abhorred dancing, looked on as complacently as she could, dressed, to quote a contemporary account, "in a severely plain black silk gown, long black velvet cloak with deep fringed cape, and bonnet of purple velvet trimmed with satin ribbon."

Lincoln at Pres. Taylor's Inauguration

The day of Taylor's inauguration, in 1849, was one of mingled rain, wind and dust, but this did not dampen the enthusiasm of those who came to witness it, and Old Rough and Ready was loudly cheered as, with his predecessor by his side in an open barouche drawn by cream-colored horses, he drove from Willard's Hotel to the Capitol. Twelve volunteer companies led the way, and a bodyguard of a hundred hopeful young Whigs surrounded his carriage, while half a dozen Rough and Ready Clubs from Maryland and Virginia brought up the rear. The incoming President read his inaugural address from a platform erected in front of the eastern portico of the Capitol, and the oath was administered by Chief Justice Taney, after which the procession reformed and marched to the White House. There were three inauguration balls that night, and Taylor attended them all, accompanied by his young and charming daughter, Mrs. Bliss.

Another attendant at one of these balls was Abraham Lincoln, then a modest member of the House, who could not have dreamed that like honors were to come to him within a dozen years.

Those who gathered to witness the inauguration of Pierce, in March, 1853, beheld in him whom they had come to honor the youngest as well as the most buoyantly self-poised man who had ever entered upon the Presidency. He made the journey from the White House to the Capitol and back again standing erect in the carriage beside President Fillmore, and bowing constantly in response to the cheers with which he was greeted all along the way. When Pierce took the oath he did not, as is the custom, use the word "swear," but accepted the constitutional alternative which permitted him to affirm that he would faithfully execute the duties of President of the United States. Nor did he kiss the Book, as had his predecessors, but laid his left hand on the Bible and raised his right aloft, having previously bared his head to the falling snow. Again, Pierce distinguished himself by being the first President to deliver his inaugural address without notes, speaking in a clear and distinct voice, and arousing enthusiasm by his handsome appearance, dignified bearing, and somewhat unusual oratorical powers.

One passage in the address sounded a kindred chord in the hearts of those who heard it. This was a touching reference to the sudden taking away of the speaker's only

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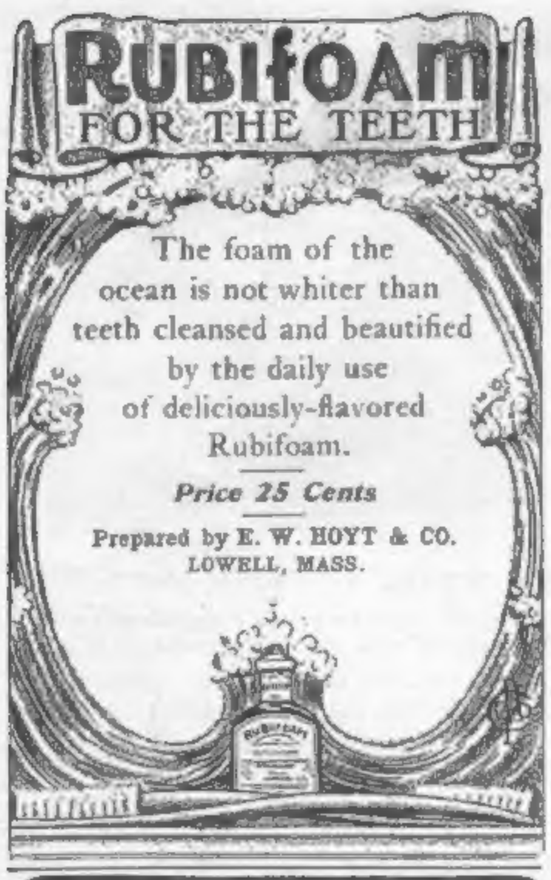
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living child, a bright boy of thirteen, by a railroad accident which occurred in the early part of January, 1853. The boy, to whom Pierce was devotedly attached, was traveling with his father and mother, when his brains were dashed out before their eyes. "No heart but my own," said the President, "can know the personal regret and bitter sorrow over which I have been borne to a position so suitable for others rather than desirable for myself." And those who heard these words felt only sympathy for the man who thus frankly disclosed his private grief, knowing that he would gladly resign the most glittering of earthly prizes if only his son might be restored to him.

The Beauty of the Niece of Buchanan

Buchanan's inauguration borrows interest chiefly from the events which followed it, for it marked the beginning of the end of a political era. A score or more of volunteer militia companies and political clubs joined in the march to the Capitol, where, from a platform erected in the usual place, over the steps of the eastern portico, the new President read his inaugural address and took the oath of office. Then the procession reformed and escorted him to the White House, where he held an impromptu reception. The inaugural ball given in the evening was an especially brilliant affair, made so, it is said, by the presence of Buchanan's niece, Harriet Lane, whose wondrous beauty turned the heads of everybody present. There being no permanent structure large enough to hold the attendant throng, dancing was conducted in a large temporary building constructed for the purpose. The belle of the evening wore a simple white gown with pearls about the throat and in her hair.

The President, in a full black suit, looked proud of the lovely girl as he consigned her to General Jesup, who took his post beside her, tall, straight and venerable, in full military uniform.

Men not yet old vividly recall the circumstances attending Lincoln's first inauguration. Their chief characteristic was their solemnity. A great portion of the country was absent from them. General Scott, who then commanded the army, was firmly convinced that a riot was planned for inauguration day, and that during it an attempt would be made to assassinate the new Chief Magistrate. The militia of the District was therefore organized, and, with the available force of regulars, disposed to the best advantage. Buchanan and Lincoln rode to the Capitol together between double files of a squadron of cavalry, with infantry closing up in the rear. Squads of riflemen were placed on roofs along the route to watch windows on the opposite side, with orders to fire upon any one attempting to molest the President. Troops, in fact, were everywhere. The approaches to the Capitol itself were commanded by a battery of artillery. The occupants of the Presidential carriage passed arm-in-arm into the Senate chamber, already densely packed; then the two, surrounded by the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Senate Committee of Arrangements, the family of the President-elect, the Chief Justice in his robes, and the clerk of the court with a Bible, took their places on the front of the platform at the east portico. Before them were, perhaps, twenty thousand people, all in absolute silence and every face serious, many apparently in deep gloom. The construction of the great dome of the Capitol was in progress, and in front of the President-elect stood the bronze statue of Liberty.

The Gathering of a Strange Historic Group

Just before the ceremonies began there was accidently formed a strange historic group. On one side was Senator Douglas, Lincoln's defeated rival for the Presidency, holding Lincoln's hat. On the other side stood Chief Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, and close to the latter President Buchanan. To the front and centre stood Abraham Lincoln, President-elect, thus grouping together the principal characters in the most momentous era of American history. When the loud and prolonged cheering had subsided, Senator Baker briefly introduced Lincoln, and, stepping forward, the President-elect, in a firm, clear voice, every word being heard by the most distant member of the listening throng, read his remarkable inaugural. When he pronounced the words: "I am loth to close—we are not enemies, but friends—we must not be enemies—though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection," the people broke into cheers. Chief Justice Taney arose and took up his Bible, and Lincoln pronounced the oath.

Four years later there was a crowd in Washington exceeding all previous experience; but there was no uneasiness, for peace reigned and the Government still lived. Lincoln's second inaugural, more poetic and pathetic than the first, was not so closely scanned, for the policy of the Administration had been determined. On this occasion Chief Justice Chase administered the oath.

There was never such another inauguration as those of Lincoln in his first and second entrances upon the Presidency. There never will be such another. The two, taken together, preceded and practically closed what was undoubtedly the greatest Civil War the world has ever seen.

The President's Millions

NO PRESIDENT of the United States has ever had so much money to spend as Mr. McKinley, notwithstanding the fact that, apart from the salary of $50,000 which he draws annually from the Treasury, he is a poor man. Just before the outbreak of the Spanish War Congress placed in his hands $50,000,000, with permission to spend it exactly as he might choose. In fact, he was not required even to render an accounting of the expenditure of this vast sum. The necessity for such a bestowal of confidence in the nation's Executive arose from the extraordinarily unprepared condition in which the country found itself, and there is no likelihood that absolute control of such an amount of the public funds will again need to be given to any future occupant of the White House.

This was by no means the only money, however, which has been placed at the absolute disposal of President McKinley. Only a short time ago Congress appropriated $700,000 for the purchase of suitable sites for coaling stations, and their establishment. Out of this sum $900 was paid the other day to private owners for a small island in the harbor of Guam. There have been other large war funds provided from time to time during the last two years, on which the President has been at liberty to draw as he saw fit. In such matters he could not be controlled by the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy, inasmuch as those officials are merely his clerks, and have practically no authority save such as he may choose to delegate to them.

What is called the President's Private Fund, known in law as the Emergency Fund, stands nominally to the credit of the Secretary of State. But Mr. McKinley is really the Secretary of State, and he draws on this appropriation just when and how he pleases. The manner of its expenditure is always secret, and nobody knows what is done with the money. Even Congress has no right to inquire, and has never done so, the idea being that there are certain matters, especially such as relate to diplomatic negotiations, which may not properly be placed before the public—that is to say, without injury to the public weal. This fund varies in amount, but of late years it has been somewhere between $60,000 and $100,000 per annum.

The memoranda relating to the expenditure of the Private Fund are kept in a safe at the Department of State. Nobody, save a few privileged officials, has ever seen them, but, if they could be published, they would throw a picturesque light upon the inside workings of the Government, particularly in regard to its relations with foreign Powers. If anything turns up which makes it expedient to obtain certain information abroad in a quiet way, a draft is made upon the fund by a voucher which the President himself signs and sends over to the Secretary of State, this voucher being equivalent to a check on the Treasury. The negotiation of the preliminaries of a treaty, such as that for the purchase of the Danish possessions in the West Indies, may make another call upon this personal credit of the Executive, which is likewise drawn upon to pay for entertainment, when a royal or official visitor from foreign parts comes to Washington.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

With Both Armies in South Africa

From an American Viewpoint

Mr. Richard Harding Davis a few years ago was best known as a writer of society fiction. You may remember that Mr. Dooley, of Chicago, fancied he always wore pink shirt-waists of an afternoon. And indeed Mr. Davis created what might be called "pink shirt-waist literature." It was not bad; it was not good; it was simply pink and silky. Then the wars came. Mr. Davis smelt powder in Cuba; followed alternately the flying English and the flying Boers in South Africa; and in this tumult a new man was born; not a man of three names, but a strenuous, masculine, sincere man, who comes pretty near to being the ablest journalist of our journalistic generation.

I have been reading, as you will have guessed, With Both Armies in South Africa *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*, the record of his experience in the Transvaal.

"To see something and tell what it saw in a plain way"—it was Ruskin who said this—"is the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world." Mr. Davis saw things in South Africa and said them quite plainly. He traveled with Buller's column; he was in at the relief of Ladysmith; and his account has a De Foe quality of actuality and sincerity. Without irony and not without sympathy he describes the pathetic disorder of the English army—this strange amalgam of heroism and marmalade, champagne, tooth-powder and rollicking courage. Stephen Crane gave us a curious and not unprofitable fiction of war; in this book there is war itself with all its blunders and stupidities, its luck and cruelty and pathos.

After the relief of Ladysmith Mr. Davis said farewell to the English army and crossed over to the other camp—"to watch the Boers fighting the same men I had just seen fighting them." Would you know what he thought of the Boers you must go to the book he has written. Afield with the Boers as in the English camp he said the things he saw. There is an old and simple theory that the enemy is always in the wrong. Indeed it is always pleasant to think that the man who does not agree with you is a rogue and barbarian. This was the frank Roman way and we have not quite got rid of it. When one is fighting a Spaniard it is hard to resist the temptation to paint him black. Of course, when we can eliminate the passion of the moment we come to the wise conclusion that the world is not made up of good nations and bad ones, but of men good and bad. Now Mr. Davis carried this safe opinion with him at a moment when passions were high. He did not judge the English from the viewpoint of the excited Boer; he did not see Mr. Kruger through jingo spectacles. Quite calmly, quite frankly, very courageously he told what he saw. He has no theories. He has only a fagot of facts. Now these facts show that the English are just as brave and true and foolish as other men are—the Boers, for instance. Across these pages you get a picture of Mr. Kruger, not as the gorilla depicted in the English cartoons, but as a man, a sad old man, who loves his Bible and his native land.

Is the picture true or false?

History will decide that; not you or I. When I met Mr. Kruger at the Hotel Scribe in Paris, however, I felt that I was talking to a man who had come up from the vanished, tragic days of 1776.

Always it takes some courage to tell what one thinks is the truth. In this particular instance more than a little courage was needed. Mr. Davis was a dweller in London; his friends were of London society; he went to South Africa for the London Times. And at a moment when passion was at fever-heat, when England flamed with war-fervor and did not reason, he wrote dispassionately and reasonably. It was a crime which English society and English journalism are punishing to-day. Here in America we may possibly see in that "crime" a courage and self-sacrifice at once significant and praiseworthy.

A brave book this, With Both Armies; it has strength, sincerity and a fine quality of forthright manliness; Mr. Davis has seen things and said them. It is time to bury the pink shirt-waist.—*Vance Thompson.*

From a British Viewpoint

Mr. Richard Harding Davis will have only himself to thank if he finds that he gets the cold shoulder in England. There was a time when he was accounted a very popular person here, was cordially welcomed in London, both in good society and at the best clubs, was much liked as a man of talent and of acknowledged literary distinction. That he should have "got himself disliked" since is not altogether strange. No one would have quarreled with him for espousing the Boer cause; it might under other conditions have been a very noble and chivalrous action. But he might have championed his new friends without vilifying the old. He could have waved the Boer flag over his house to his heart's content, but he need not, surely, have descended to misrepresentation and vituperation. He has called us cowards individually and as a nation, and has done his best to discredit us by overstatement and understatement, and to misuse his undoubted power as a popular writer to spread his calumnies broadcast through the United States.

When he reappears amongst us, if he has the courage to do so, he will be asked why, before he sought to prejudice the great American nation against us, he had been at no pains to inform himself of the true facts of the case. As to our policy toward the Boer Republics we are content to await the calm, dispassionate judgment of those who take the trouble to know the rights and wrongs of the story. Mr. Richard Harding Davis is not to be included in that category.

Naturally he makes out a good case for himself. He is too clever to do less. He wields a facile, vigorous pen, and he is desperately angry, for reasons that will be hinted at. He started out, like Balaam, to bless, and so long as he was in our camp he was as pro-Briton as he has since become pro-Boer. Writing of the earlier phases of the campaign he is full of admiration for the "plucky, undaunted conduct of the besieged garrison of Ladysmith," and expatiates upon "the stubborn, desperate fighting of the column coming to the rescue." He has nothing but praise, at this period, for British officer and indomitable "Tommy;" he tells a dozen stories redounding to their credit, and draws very graphic pictures of battle and siege, defense and relief.

But then, all at once, his ink turns to gall. He has changed sides, morally as well as literally; he has changed his coat; his views, sentiments, sympathies, all have been revolutionized by his crossing the frontier. We might do him the justice to believe that on a closer inspection of the Boers he realized more accurately their fine qualities, the supreme justice of their cause, their infinite superiority to the brutal oppressors who aimed at subverting their independence. But there is evidence to show that he did not go over to the Boers until he found that he was not much hankered after by us.

Gratitude to the Boers may explain the extravagant encomiums which he soon lavished on them, recanting all prepossessions in favor of their foes, his former friends, but who will go with Mr. Richard Harding Davis in extolling the Boers as the last of the Crusaders, or in comparing their cause with that of the Children of Israel when they combated the Pharaohs? If the Transvaal was really a house of bondage, the jailers were the Boers, and Moses, the deliverer, came from beyond the sea in the person of "Bobs."

The sober common-sense of the world at large must eventually do justice to the motives that led England into war. It was not to enslave a people, but to free the larger number from the tyranny of the few and to give fair play and the right of self-government to all. Perhaps Mr. Richard Harding Davis will study the subject a little more closely before he next vituperates England. We may commend to him one point in particular which he overlooks when championing the weak against the strong. Seeing that a year or so ago the weak had resolved to expel the strong from South Africa and had long prepared for the struggle, they have surely brought the present reprisals upon themselves.—*Arthur Griffiths, Major, Retired, British Army.*

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